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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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SEPTEMBER, 1824.

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MRS. W. CLIFFORD.

THE fair subject of our present Memoir was born at Bath, in the month of June, 1794. She is the daughter of Dr. Smith, of that neighbourhood, an eminent physician, who bestowed on her a very liberal education, suited to her station in life. At the early age of fifteen, Miss Smith received the addresses of Mr. Wm. Henry Clifford, an officer of the 39th Regiment of Infantry, then serving in India, by whom she was shortly afterwards led to the altar. Unfortunately, however, the prospect of happiness which this event promised to our youthful bride, was not of long duration. Her husband, owing to extravagance, became greatly reduced in his circumstances, and, previous to his joining his regiment, his amiable lady was compelled to have recourse to the stage, as being the line of life most congenial to her taste, in order the more effectually to provide for their immediate wants; delicacy and a strong feeling of independence forbidding any solicitation to her own respectable parents for assistance, in this season of affliction.

Accordingly, two years after their marriage, Mrs. W. Clifford made her *debüt* at the theatre of Ludlow, in Shropshire; the famous town in which George Barnwell committed his murder. Her first character was that of Volante, in *The Honey-Moon*. The success which attended her efforts at this theatre, induced Mr. Macready (father of the present celebrated tragedian,) to engage her for the Birmingham and Newcastle theatres, then under his management. At both these places

Mrs. W. Clifford sustained the principal parts, both in tragedy and comedy, with the most distinguished success; and evinced talents of the very highest order. From thence our heroine proceeded to the Theatre Royal, at Norwich, as first comedian, and afterwards succeeded Mrs. Fawcett, in the entire range of tragic characters.

In consequence of some trifling difference with the managers of the Norwich Theatre, and at the recommendation of the late Mr. John Kemble, (whose pupil she was,) Mrs. W. Clifford went to Bath, in the year 1817. At this fashionable spot, our heroine performed with John Kemble, Kean, and other celebrated actors. Her favourite characters were Lady Macbeth, Volumnia, Portia, Cordelia, &c. The part of Meg Merrilies, she sustained with the utmost éclat for fourteen nights in the course of one season. It may not be undeserving of notice here to state, that both Mr. John Kemble and Mr. Young have repeatedly declared the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. W. Clifford to be the most perfect representation of that character, with the exception of Mrs. Siddons, that ever appeared on the stage. An opinion so highly flattering was not, of course, disregarded. We accordingly find that Mr. Kean was deputed, by the then Drury-lane Committee, to offer terms to this favourite of the public. Unfortunately, they were not of that specific nature which could induce Mrs. W. Clifford to accept them, and they were accordingly declined.

The difference with the managers of the Norwich theatre, having been amicably adjusted, Mrs. W. Clifford returned to that place, where she remained until her engagement with Mr. Morris, of the Haymarket-theatre, which took place in the summer of 1822. She made her first appearance in London, in the character of Mrs. Haller, in *The Stranger*, and was received with the most rapturous applause; the play being repeated three times. In the course of the season she appeared in the characters of the Widow Belmour, Mrs. Racket, &c. with equal success. In the autumn of the same year, Mrs. W. Clifford appeared at Covent-garden theatre, and would, in all probability, have speedily rivalled the first actresses of the day, had not the managers, acting against their own interest, displayed a want of liberality, which determined the disappointed fair one to resign her engagement.

The following winter, this lady performed at the Sheffield and Newcastle theatres, under the management of Mr. De Camp, brother-in-law of Mr. Charles Kemble, and at both of these places she drew crowded and fashionable houses. In the winter of 1823, Mrs. W. Clifford accepted an engagement at the Surrey theatre, where she was the leading actress throughout the season. In Mr. Shee's celebrated tragedy of "Alasco," the licence for which was so unaccountably refused at Drury-lane, Mrs. W. Clifford, sustained the part of the heroine, with the most distinguished success: the theatre being literally crammed every night of this lady's appearance. Mrs. W. Clifford is still engaged at the Haymarket for the present and following seasons, and we have no doubt, the larger theatres will find it their interest no longer to deny the claims of this accomplished actress to an engagement, similar to those of the first female performers of the day.

We consider the parts of Milwood, Mrs. Racket, and Cicely, as represented by this lady, to be the most finished pieces of acting—the most admirable paintings of character, that were ever witnessed on any stage. A happy union of natural qualifications, the refinements of education, and intense study, are necessary for the attainment of a fine style of acting, such as Mrs. Clifford's; a style equally removed from lameness and insipidity, declamatory extravagance, or unnatural violence of action. We have been the more zealous in the expression of our opinion of this lady's merits, as we consider it a duty to use our best influence to excite a public interest in the pursuits of genius in every department of the liberal arts. Mrs. W. Clifford became a widow, at the early age of twenty-one, and having been unfortunate in her first marriage, she has not yet had the hardihood to venture on a second.

In person, she is tall, and possesses features of the most charming cast. Her amiable manners and correct deportment in all the walks of private life, are such as justify us in recommending her to the favourable notice of our fair readers, and of an enlightened and discerning public.



To the *EDITOR* of the *LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM*.

SIR,

AMONG the multitude of subjects which at present engage popular attention in this country, *ærostation* is by no means one of the least curious or important. The recent melancholy disaster of Mr. Harris has communicated a peculiar interest to the history of balloon travelling; and though it may tend but little to check the practice, it will probably render future *æro-nauts* more cautious and circumspect. Some of your readers may remember the occurrence of a similar unfortunate accident, in France, not long after the first experiments on the subject. M. Pilatre de Rozier, and his friend, M. Romain, ascended in an air-balloon, which, from some unknown cause, burst and occasioned their destruction. This event happened in 1785. It was in the preceding year that *ærostation* was first practised in England.

The bold adventurer who first soared through the atmosphere of Britain, was a Neapolitan, whose name was commemorated by the ladies, as the appellation of a fashionable bonnet. From this circumstance, Burns has preserved it from oblivion, by introducing it into one of his poems, though without any allusion to the origin of the term. He calls a young lady's bonnet—

“Miss's fine *Lunardi*.”

This is the name of the *æronaut*, who was the historian of his own adventure, in a well-written pamphlet, intitled—“An Account of the first *Aërial Voyage* in England, in a Series of Letters to his Guardian, Chevalier Gherardo Compagni, written under the impression of the various events that affected the undertaking, by Vincent Lunardi, esq. Secretary to the Neapolitan Ambassador.” 1784.

The experiments made by the brothers Montgolfier and others in France, having excited the emulation of Signor Lunardi, he undertook the construction of a balloon thirty-two feet in diameter; with which, when filled with inflammable gas, he intended to ascend from the garden of Chelsea Hospital. But the abortive attempt of a Frenchman to inflate a balloon with rarefied air, a short time previous to the day fixed on by



Lunardi for his voyage, having led the *mobility* assembled on the occasion, to behave much in the same manner as the outrageous populace did, some time since, at Whiteconduit-house, the Governor of Chelsea-hospital became alarmed for the safety of the premises, and withdrew the permission given to make the ascent from the garden of that establishment. Not discouraged by this untoward circumstance, the Neapolitan persisted in his design; and, after some delay, obtained leave from the Artillery-company to ascend from the Artillery-ground, in Moorfields. On the day appointed, the 15th of September, 1784, a vast multitude of people collected together to view the spectacle, including persons of all ranks; and among them his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales. Lunardi was to have been accompanied by another gentleman, but the symptoms of impatience among the spectators becoming alarming, it was thought advisable to launch the balloon before it was quite filled; and the rising force of the machine not sufficing to carry two persons, the Neapolitan adventurer ascended with no companions except a pigeon, a dog, and a cat. He commenced his ærial excursion at five minutes past two o'clock. The assembled crowds, who appear to have been quite incredulous as to the practicability of the undertaking, no sooner saw the balloon actually in the air, than they gave utterance to the most extravagant expressions of approbation and joy. The machine took a northern direction; and, after a voyage of an hour and a half, it descended in a field near North Mims, in Hertfordshire. Signor Lunardi having landed his cat, suffered the balloon to rise again; and, at twenty minutes after four, finally descended near the town of Ware. Some labourers, who saw the ærial traveller approaching, could not by any means be prevailed on to lay hold of a rope which was let down. They had probably never heard of any but witches or magicians taking such a road in their travels; and sagaciously believing that the aeronaut must have dealings with the devil, they prudently resolved to have nothing to do with him. A young woman, however, who was near, possessed more sense and spirit than these rustics, and being hailed by Lunardi, she caught hold of the rope which he had lowered, and held it till other persons arrived, by whose assistance the balloon was properly secured. The fortunate adventurer, having been hospitably entertained at

Bayford Bury; the seat of William Baker, esq. returned to London; and was not long after presented to the King, by whom he was graciously received.

Such was the first ærial voyage taken in this country. It attracted a great deal of notice at the period of its occurrence; and Lunardi, who exhibited himself and his balloon at the Pantheon, was the object of as much curiosity as Belzoni's Egyptian tomb, the Mermaid, or the Sicilian Dwarf. But this atmospheric expedition was attended with no new results of importance to science; and therefore it deserves to be recorded only as having been the earliest event of the kind in England; which circumstance, however, communicates to it a permanent interest.

Your's, &c.

M.

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#### MOORISH BEAUTY.

THE Moors (says Mungo Park, in his travels) have singular ideas of feminine perfection. The gracefulness of figure and motion, and a countenance enlivened by expression, are by no means essential points in their standard; with them, corpulence and beauty appear to be terms nearly synonymous. A woman of even moderate pretensions, must be one who cannot walk without a slave under each arm to support her; and a perfect beauty is a load for a camel. In consequence of this prevalent taste for unwieldiness of bulk, the Moorish ladies take great pains to acquire it early in life; for this purpose, many of the young girls are compelled, by their mothers, to devour a great quantity of kouskous, and drink a large bowl of camel's milk, every morning. It is of no importance whether the girl has an appetite or not, kouskous and milk must be swallowed; and obedience is frequently enforced by blows. I have seen a poor girl sit crying, with the bowl at her lips, for more than an hour; and her mother, with a stick in her hand, watching her all the while, and using the stick without mercy, whenever she observed that her daughter was not swallowing. This singular practice, instead of producing indigestion and disease, soon covers the young lady with that degree of plumpness, which, in the eye of a Moor, is perfection itself.

## TO LADIES AT HOME:

BY A FRIEND TO WOMAN.

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*(Continued from page 101.)*

To make use of a homely proverb; which may indeed not unaptly offer itself on a subject relating to Home, with all its comforts, all its joys, and domestic charms, I shall venture to say, "That handsome is, that handsome does?"—and therefore, the duty of mothers is not merely to present their daughters in the drawing-room, when the governess and the masters may have prepared them, by every due accomplishment, for the wished-for moment of declared proficiency! The parent must, previously, herself, "teach the young idea how to shoot," even from the earliest perception of the infant mind; must also fashion the frame to health, and healthful symmetry, by the carefulness of an equally prompt attention.—In short, the foundation of a just proportion, within and without the body, must be laid in infancy; and, to this, temperate and simple diet, with regular and animating exercise, are indispensibly necessary. Running about a garden, or on an open heath, is far preferable to the long, sombre walks, which children usually take by the sides of their nurse-maids, or mammas.—A light dress, also, which gives freedom to the functions of life and action, is the best adapted to permit unobstructed growths; for thence the young fibres, untrammelled by the obstacles of art, will expand themselves gracefully in the forms which nature intended: the muscles of the limbs will gradually assume the fine swell, and insertions, which only unrestrained movement can produce; the chest will dilate, and the shape harmoniously become matured.—The lovely form of woman thus educated, or rather, thus left to the true bias of its original mould, puts on a variety of interesting characters, according to the variety of the original mould, and to the various periods of progressive life.—In one youthful figure we distinguish the lineaments of a wood nymph; a form, slight and elastic, like the trembling willow, or rebounding aspen.—Her shape, "small by degrees, and beautifully less, from the soft bosom to the slender waist!"—her foot, light as Camilla's, whose flying steps scarcely brushed the "unbending corn!"—



with limbs, whose agile grace moves in gay response, with the swan-like turns of her snowy neck, and sparkling eyes.—Another, in the sweet domestic group, may appear with the chastened dignity of a young vestal.—Her proportions are of a less ethereal contour:—as she approaches, we perceive that her mould is on a broader, a less flexible scale than that of her more ærial sister.—Euphrosine laughs in the one, Melpomene speaks in the other.

Indeed we may say, that between these two extremes, lie the whole range of female loveliness; and in proportion as the countenance and figure approach the one style or the other, we denominate them grave or gay, majestic or graceful.—Not but the same person may, by a rare and felicitous concurrence, unite these qualities in such exquisite degrees, as to shew in herself the most lively specimen of graceful majesty, and majestic grace; and, certainly, unless the ample contour of a commanding figure, softens the boldness of its outline with a gentle elegance of deportment, it may possess an imposing consequence, but still a degree of harshness, and of heaviness, that will destroy the essence of female beauty.—And again, unless the slight and airy form, full of youth and animal spirits, superadds to these attractions, the grace of a restraining dignity, her vivacity may exceed to levity, and her activity degenerate into the romping of a country hoyden.—When, therefore, young women would present themselves in society, with a manner and appearance in best harmony with the character of form nature has bestowed, they ought not to implicitly adopt the prevailing modes of the day; but allow their deportment, and fashion of dress, in a decided, but yet not obtrusive manner, to correspond with their own natural bias.—There is, indeed, a class of fair forms which bears such feeble marks of any positive character, that, by instinct, they assume that of the sedate alone. Such an appearance is as unpretending, as it is amiable to many; and not only secures the person from animadversion, but often awakening an inquiring interest, hence, not unaptly, excites love.—Indeed, in all cases, a modest reserve is essential to the perfection of feminine attraction.—Even heathen fable inculcates the same lesson. The God of Love, himself, (we are told,) once felt the passion he so universally kindles.—But how? it was not any one of the unzoned nymphs, who attended his mother's gala

court, that awakened his desire.—The persuasive influence streamed on him from charms concealed by a veil!—The beauties of Psyche were enveloped in mystery,—It was the heavenly cloud of modesty.—The sighs of Love could not dissolve it.—Even on the nuptial couch, it shaded her charms; and she shone the fairer through the snowy medium.—Modesty! thou art, indeed, the guardian of woman from her cradle to the grave; when she forsakes thee, she abandons her all on earth; the Loves and the Graces fly the moral ruin: man, her former worshipper, turns from her, loathing; and, left to the desolation of despair, envy, malice, and all the furies of disappointment, become the inmates of her bosom.

Time's progress is slow, but sure.—And, as it has been observed, that during the day of youth, different women wear a variety of characters, such as the bright, or the sombre; when it is thus found, that even that fairest season of life places its subjects in varying lights, how necessary may it seem, that women should carry this idea yet farther, and recollect they have a summer, as well as a spring; an autumn, and a winter!—In like manner with the earth, altering its aspect with the changing year, so does the form and complexion of woman bear the marks of the touches of Time as it passes over her.—Like the flower of the garden, to which her beauty has been so often compared, she buds, she blooms, she fades, she dies!—When the freshness of virgin youth runs on through the gay and ardent teens, she may call it the morning of her charms; when that hour is gone, and she approaches her thirtieth year, she must consider it the noon of her day.—But the sun which shines so glaringly on her beauties, withers that he gazes on; and, in a few short wheels of his car, she finds his orb declining from her; while her own lately jocund step decreases its elasticity, and her dimming eye follows with less delight the passing objects.—Before that evening hour, indeed, deepens to dark twilight, it would be well for her to remember, that it is wiser for herself to throw a shadow over her yet unimpaired charms, than to wait until nature's own sombre pencil marks their decay.

After this, I need not write more, to prove to my fair readers, that the most beautiful Helen that ever charmed an assemblage of sages, is not the same at forty she was at twenty, nor at sixty what she was at forty.—Each age has its appro-

priate style of person, and pleasing; and it is the triumph of discernment to discover, and to maintain, those advantages in their due seasons. Ever to neglect the power of pleasing, at any period of life, is to neglect the bonds of all domestic comfort; for the heart's aliment, whether it be in love, friendship, or in the affinities of family affections, is made up of those pleasurable emotions which arise every day between amiable persons, desiring mutually to please, and be pleased.—Hence, every appearance, or manner, that excites satiety, disgust, or a sense of the ridiculous, must be avoided by woman, in all her relations of life, and at all its periods.—With regard to youth, its general characteristics are, meek dignity, chastened sportiveness, and gentle seriousness.—Middle age has the privilege of preserving, unaltered, all those graceful attributes, which may have distinguished its earlier years.—But the gayer manners of the comic muse, must, in the advance, be discreetly mellowed down into the more constant temper of a continued mild cheerfulness.—But this is not enough; Nature having maintained a harmony between the human figure, and the advance of time, it is decorous that the consistency should extend even to the fashion of our apparel.—For youth to habit itself like age, is an instance of bad taste seldom seen; but age, affecting the gay attire of the young, is an offence that too often meets the eye.—I am old enough to have seen two of the greatest beauties which the British empire ever brought forth.—They were sisters; one, by her transcendant charms, became twice a duchess; the other died more prematurely, but with an Earl's coronet upon her brows.—I have seen them during the varying scenes of their beauty; and their manners, and styles of appearing, from stage to stage, in their ever-radiant career, was a model for all who looked on them.—In a few pages onwards, my pen shall attempt to retrace my observations of those days; and while the robes of beauty take the changeable hues of the altering skies above her, a hint from the boudoir of my lovely duchess, may yield no unuseful lesson to her young countrywomen, how to preserve their mental and personal charms, in a bloom which scarcely time can injure.

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*(To be continued.)*



## THE BARRISTER'S TALE.

Giobanni in the Country

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*(Continued from page 90.)*

I HAD strolled for half an hour in perfect solitude, and had almost forgotten the owner of the demesne, but on emerging from a tangled thicket, which had allured me from the open ground, I suddenly encountered Major Luscombe, also alone, and on foot. I instantly approached the spot where he stood, and begged him to excuse the intrusion of a stranger, whose trespass was occasioned by the temptation which his woods and lawns held out to a Londoner. "I am happy, sir," he replied with frank politeness, "that it is in my power to gratify your wishes; you are most welcome to the free range of the Park as long as it shall afford you pleasure." Anxious to draw him into conversation, I made a remark on the scenery. We talked together for several minutes with the unreserved freedom of men of the world. "I perceive," said the Major, "that you possess a taste for rural sports, and I will send one of my keepers to attend you over the manor. I would offer to become your Cicerone myself, but I must not take advantage of a stranger's ignorance to inveigle him into an acquaintance with a man, who is under a ban of excommunication: the neighbourhood is populous, and hospitable; and I could not offer an equivalent for the loss of its society."—"I leave this place to-morrow," I returned, "but, even were I to become a resident, my knowledge of Major Luscombe's history would induce me to court any attention which he felt inclined to offer." "You were out yesterday hunting, I think," said he, smiling, "and lodged at the King's Head? I am indebted to John Godfrey, for this favourable opinion; had you learned my story at the Dragon, I should not have had the pleasure which I now promise myself in your company."—"I hope," I replied, "that, under any circumstances, I should be slow to adopt local prejudices, and"—Here I stopped, for I felt the difficulty and delicacy of the subject: my auditor, gifted with tact, did not require any farther explanation of my sentiments. A glance of his eye shewed how perfectly he understood me, and that having handsomely put me on

my guard, he was satisfied, and equally desirous with myself to avoid any further discussion of a subject, which, however notorious, could not fail to create pain and embarrassment between the principal actor and a stranger, and seemed both improper and indelicate at the beginning of our acquaintance. "You must allow me to consider you my guest for the day," said he; "with our guns, or our horses, we shall scarcely want amusement until dinner-time.—Shall we ride or shoot?" I preferred the former; and after inspecting the dog-kennel and the stables, we cantered over the Park. I found Major Luscombe a very agreeable companion; and little recking whether, like Faust, he had obtained his superior information by dabbling in forbidden sciences, I enjoyed the pleasures of the hour without scruple. He had penetrated as far as the Himalege mountains in India; had visited the ruins of Persepolis, and the Court of Tehesan; and his mind, richly stored with the treasures of nature and of art, was intelligent upon every subject. The hours passed away with equal entertainment and profit, for his own observation and extensive course of reading, enabled him to throw a strong light upon many points of history and science, with which I had had comparatively little acquaintance. After a very delightful ride, we returned to the house, and sat down to a tête-à-tête dinner in the library. With any other host, the examination of the books, pictures, and cabinets, filled with rare geological specimens, and other curiosities, would have engrossed my attention, but all inferior things were swallowed up in my contemplation of his singular situation. Hitherto we had conversed upon topics connected with our natural tastes and pursuits, but when the cloth was removed, and the circulation of the glass had produced something of a closer intimacy, he involuntarily reverted to himself.—"To you it must appear strange," said he, "and to me it is very painful, that, with an earnest desire to cultivate your acquaintance, and to convince you that I am not the monster I am represented, I have nothing to adduce but mere asseverations of innocence, which, in common reason, I cannot expect to prevail against the train of circumstances which have so strongly and powerfully fastened the stigma of guilt upon me. The world has wronged me, yet do I not blame its decision; though the only flagrant error I can charge myself with, is

pride, and surely I have incurred too heavy a punishment for the encouragement of a sentiment, which, if not pushed to a criminal extent, is always considered to be laudable. From the moment I became aware of Mr. De Winton's conduct to my mother, I was determined to rise from the mean station to which he had consigned me: fortune favoured my hopes. I knew that education was the first and most necessary step, and that I obtained from one who acted a parent's part. In India, I may, with honest exultation declare, that the despised name of Gerald Harvey stands high, linked with valiant and honourable deeds, and enabled to raise an host of faithful friends, ready to vindicate its title of respect. My misfortunes commenced with that of Luscombe. The change in my appellation, and Mr. De Winton's unsought attentions, offered a temptation to concealment which I could not resist. I found myself a cherished guest of the man who had doomed me to a life of sordid poverty: not aware of the excessive implacability of his spirit, that he had actually rejoiced when he heard that miseries, occasioned by his brutal neglect of my infancy, had driven me to crimes, and condemned me to a felon's fate, I enjoyed in secret the triumph of surmounting the difficulties which had opposed my progress to the attainment of a certain rank in society, and a fortune adequate to its support: I became careless respecting the publicity of my story; to burst upon the little world of my native village in all the splendour of an Eastern Nabob, seemed now a paltry ambition; and giving my grandfather credit for better feelings than he possessed, I did not desire to awaken his remorse, by recalling the cruelty of his conduct towards his erring daughter. The affection which I insensibly imbibed for my cousin Agnes, and a flattering idea that it was likely to meet with a warm return, determined me to declare myself to William, with whom, during his last residence at the Hall, I had contracted so strong a friendship, that I could not endure the thought of withholding a secret from one, who made me the depository of every wish: he answered my letter in person, I have, therefore, nothing beyond my word to prove the joy with which he acknowledged the relationship; his communication to his sister, I am inclined to believe, induced her to place that confidence in me which has unfortunately given rise to such dark suspicion. She looked upon me as a re-



lation, and might have many cogent reasons for preferring my counsel to that of her brother; unhappily, I was not destined to learn the object of the interview she sought. We had no conversation whatever on that fatal night. Considering it scarcely possible that the real murderer should escape detection, I allowed myself to be sent to prison, rather than cast a stain upon her character, by avowing that I had been locked up for nearly seven hours in her dressing-room. She wrote to me, to request that I would trust to her appearance on the trial, and not to mention the circumstance even to my lawyers. I obeyed; and the shocking catastrophe which followed my acquittal, has deepened the mystery which envelopes me, and almost justified my accusers in their most horrible aspersions."—"I am surprised," said I, "that you do not quit a place which must of necessity be a very disagreeable residence; you might defy the tongue of slander, were you once beyond the sphere of this narrow village."—"No," replied Major Luscombe, mournfully, "never will I quit the scene of my deepest affliction, until I can bear away with me a name purified from the infamy which renders it abhorrent to humanity: my only hope of clearing my injured fame, rests upon the recovery of Agnes; I have watched her malady with the most painful solicitude; and, wretched as my feelings are, whilst contemplating her desperate insanity, I should be less tranquil, if removed to a distance which would prevent me from observing every variation in her disorder."

A long pause succeeded to the explanation of my unfortunate host's sentiments; he seemed wrapped in gloomy abstraction, which I forbore to disturb, by any attempt to encourage or arouse him, feeling how very ineffectual the trite and vague conjectures of a stranger would be in a case *apparently* so profoundly mysterious; for even charity itself could not deny that a conviction of his guilt was alone necessary to give a key to the whole transaction. At length, recovering himself, he began to converse upon indifferent subjects, and we spent the remainder of the evening with the utmost cheerfulness.

( To be concluded in our next. )

## QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[THE following description of the person and the court of Queen Elizabeth, was written by an eye-witness, and as it has been observed by Horace Walpole, (who first published the work from which it is taken,) "the description is so remarkable, that her best portraits scarcely exhibit a more lively image." The writer is Paul Hentzner, who travelled in England, in the year 1598, as tutor to a young German nobleman: his itinerary, from which the extract is taken, was originally written in Latin, and first translated and printed in this country in the year 1757.]

"WE arrived next at the royal palace of Greenwich, reported to have been originally built by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and to have received very magnificent additions from Henry VIIIth. It was here Elizabeth, the present Queen, was born, and here she generally resides; particularly in summer, for the delightfulness of its situation. We were admitted, by an order Mr. Rogers had procured from the Lord Chamberlain, into the presence chamber, hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewn with hay\*, through which the Queen commonly passes in her way to chapel: at the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the Queen any person of distinction that came to wait on her. It was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same hall were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, a great number of counsellors of state, officers of the crown, and gentlemen, who waited the Queen's coming out; which she did from her own apartment, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner:

"First, went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed and bare-headed; next came the Chancellor bearing the seals in a red silk purse, between two; one of which, carried the royal sceptre, the other the sword of state in a red scabbard studded with golden *fleurs de lis*, the point upwards. Next came the Queen, in the sixty-fifth year

\* He probably means rushes.

of her age, as we were told, very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black; (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar;) she had in her ears two pearls with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated *Lunebourg* table\*: her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it, till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state of magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, whether foreign ministers, or those who attended for different reasons, in English, French, and Italian; for, besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, W. Slawata, a Bohemian baron, had letters to present to her; and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels, a mark of particular favour. Wherever she turned her face, as she was going along, every body fell down on their knees†. The ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well shaped, and for the most part dressed in white. She was guarded on each side by the gentlemen-pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the anti-chapel, next the hall where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of LONG LIVE QUEEN

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\* At this distance of time, it is difficult to say what this was.

† Her father had been treated with the same deference. It is mentioned by Fox in his *Acts and Monuments*, that when the Lord Chancellor went to apprehend Queen Catherine Parr, he spoke to the King on his knees.—King James I. suffered his courtiers to omit it.



ELIZABETH!—She answered it with "*I thank you, my good PEOPLE.*" In the chapel was excellent music; as soon as it and the service was over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the Queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner. But while she was still at prayers, we saw her table set out with the following solemnity.

A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another who had a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again, they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-seller, a plate, and bread; when they had kneeled as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they, too, retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady, (we were told she was a countess) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times, in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the Queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady-taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of this ceremonial a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who with particular solemnity, lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the Queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after he had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court.

"The Queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants; and it is very seldom that any body, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power."

### THREE WEEKS AFTER THE WEDDING.

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#### INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

THE following authentic Journal of a studious old bencher of Lincoln's-inn, who, at the mature age of fifty, committed, like Sir Peter Teazle, the rash act of marriage, was transmitted to Messieurs Dean and Munday, with a request for immediate insertion. The gentleman who brought it left his address, Timothy Tomkins, Pump-court, Temple; and on calling to make enquiries respecting the genuineness of the MSS. and character of its author, I was informed that, in a transport of ungovernable irritability, he had packed up bag and baggage, quitted his young wife, (after a brief honeymoon of three weeks,) and come to the resolution of living for ever on the Continent. That, moreover, he had penned his Journal while the incidents contained in it were yet fresh in recollection, and had determined to publish the whole, as a sort of light-house, or beacon, to warn other old bachelors off the shoals and quick-sands of marriage. This account, delivered by Mr. Tomkins, with the assistance of a few episodical pinches of black rappee, affected me to tears, and we both mingled our sorrows with a pathos truly impressive. But grief, like joy, must have an end; and, after a strong effort to subdue my feelings, I reflected that I had an awful—indeed a national, duty to perform, which, without arrogating to myself any undue share of praise, I here submit to the public from the purest and most patriotic motives.

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MONDAY, May 1st.—EVENTFUL epoch in my life. Remembered that exceedingly beautiful remark “It is not good for man to be alone,” so abjured a bachelor's solitude, and took unto myself a wife. “After the ceremony,” as the newspapers say, “the happy couple (i. e. Mrs. Higgs and myself,) set off in a chaise and four for Worthing.” Journey throughout delightful; Fanny seated by my side, blest in the possession of her devoted Higgs. Thought I never saw her look so beautiful; Canova's Venus seems modelled from her; the same deep languishing eye, the same clustering profusion of

ringlets, the same snowy bosom, the same chastened exuberance of form, the same—Oh! what a fortunate fellow I am.

**TUESDAY, May 2nd.—Evening.** Overwhelmed by the tumultuous giddiness of my thoughts. Felt quite young again, (by-the-bye, I am only forty-nine, after all,) and indited the following letter to my friend Tomkins, of the Temple—"Dear Tom, burn your books and marry; marry immediately, my old boy; nothing like matrimony; it is Paradise itself, pure, genuine, and unsophisticated." Read my note to Fanny, imprinted on her soft cheek a husband's tenderest kiss, and sat down to a hot supper.

**WEDNESDAY, May 3d.—**Indulged in a pensive stroll along the sea-shore, filled even to satiety with those delicious sensibilities, the offsprings of wedded love and virtuous simplicity. Called to mind, by a natural consequence, the endearing images of Adam and Eve, Baucis and Philemon, Ruth and Boaz, Brutus and Portia, Pyrrha and Deucalion, together with many others, notorious for their connubial attachment. I need scarcely add, that my beloved Fanny accompanied me in this stroll, with her ringlets waving to the wind, and a smile of the most bewitching softness illumining her divine countenance. Enchanting girl! she wants nothing of an angel but the wings.

**THURSDAY, May 4th.—**How genuine, how lasting are the delights of domestic life! Study, to which, by-the-bye, I am devotedly attached, has its peculiar advantages; but, compared with the impassioned ecstasies of Hymen, it is nothing—absolutely nothing. Thomson and Milton, I remember, both speak with enthusiasm of "wedded love." Gibbon frequently alludes to it as "the most tender of human connections;" and indeed all authors, who are good for any thing, are loud in its praise. By the Roman law, however, a wife was expressly called a thing, a part of the domestic furniture which might be sold at the caprice of her husband; so that, on making a catalogue of his goods, he might thus enumerate them: "Lot 1.—Four sofas, two tables, three wine-bins, a wife, and a bed-candlestick." Only conceive, a wife, my Fanny for instance, the noblest ornament of social life, placed side by side with a bed-candlestick!

**FRIDAY, May 5th.—**Of all jokes the most absurd, as I have



often said, are those which are launched against women, and wives in particular. For this reason I am resolved, should my darling Fanny ever bless me with pledges of our mutual love, to prevent them learning the Eton Latin Grammar, from its observing in one of the rules of Syntax, that "the masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine, &c. &c." Monstrous violation both of grammar and gratitude!

SATURDAY, May 6th.—There is nothing in nature so engaging as a sprightly disposition. My adorable Fanny is precisely of this stamp, and mimics my oddities (so she calls them) with the prettiest sportiveness in the world. I have already, at her request, doffed my old black coat with the broad flaps, discarded my brown gaiters, and mounted Wellington boots instead. I would even order the clocks to be taken out of my pearl-coloured cotton stockings to oblige her.

SUNDAY, May 7th.—Read "Pleasures of Hope," and doubled down the page that describes the desolate condition of the bachelor; for instance now:

'Ere Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,  
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower—  
Still slowly past the solitary day,  
And still the stranger wist not where to stray;  
The world was sad, the garden was a wild,  
And man, *the hermit*, sighed, till—woman smiled.

very beautiful this, and not more beautiful than true. Man is by nature sociable, he droops in solitude, and needs some fond support on which he may lean in his old—I mean, in his riper age. Woman, lovely woman, is this prop. When cares oppress him, her smiles lighten his spirit of its load; when fortune—but I hear the sweet voice of Fanny on the stairs. Beloved girl! I fly on the wings of Hymen to meet thee.

MONDAY, May 8th.—Walked with my own Fanny along the sea-shore. Promised, at her eager request, to take her to Brighton in a few days. N.B. it is impossible to deny her any thing. Returned home at 10 o'clock to supper. Opened our cottage-window, which looks out on the sea, and watched the] sails of the different vessels, tipped with moon-light, and gliding like light shadows along the water. Made a remark to Fanny upon the ineffable power of sentiment. She said "yes," and rung the bell for supper.

TUESDAY, May 9th.—Rose at 11 o'clock, and dressed myself, for the first time, in a brand new suit, which, at my dear wife's request, has been built after the latest fashion. Showed myself in conscious pride to her at breakfast, but instead of the approbation I expected, she burst out a laughing in my face. Charming little gipsy! I love to see her happy—but there was no occasion to laugh so, for all that.

WEDNESDAY, May 10th.—Took a walk to Shoreham. Fanny unable to accompany me by reason of a very severe headache. Mem: to ask Dr. Morrha whether head-aches are dangerous. Went by way of the sands, and met on my return an old college acquaintance, Jem Baggs. Thought he looked inconceivably wretched; but no wonder, he is a bachelor. Condolled with me on my marriage; an exceedingly rude thing, I think, and what makes it worse, utterly false.

THURSDAY, May 11th.—Remained at home with Fanny the whole day. Read to her part of an epic poem, which I have lately composed, and in which I intend to set the question for ever at rest, as to whether Brutus was justified in killing Cæsar. Finished reading the first book, and turned round to her for her opinion. She was fast asleep.—But no wonder, the head-ache of yesterday has been too much for her. She is naturally delicate.

FRIDAY, May 12th.—Dull rainy day. Jem Baggs called, and invited himself to dine with me. Afflicted, as usual, with the blue devils! of a bachelor, and waxed sentimental over his port-wine. Told us, among other minutiae, of his having formed an attachment in his youth, which was broken off by the coquetry of his intended. Drank a bumper in joy (as he called it, with a sigh,) of his escape, and requested me to lend him some lively book to restore the tone of his spirits. Recommended "Rejected Addresses," at which I thought Fanny would have died with laughing.

SATURDAY, May 13th.—Rain, incessant rain. Walked up and down the room, twirling my watch-chain, for exercise. Made some alterations in the death of Cæsar, but could not kill him to my satisfaction. Thought of my snug little study in Lincoln's-inn. Proposed, by way of amusement, that Fanny and myself should read together Shakespear's "Venus and Adonis"—she to read the part of "Venus," and I that of "Adonis." Declined on plea of severe head-ache. Qu.—Are head-aches catching? fancy I have got one myself.

**SUNDAY, May 14th.**—Continued rain. What an inconceivable atrocity is a wet Sunday in the country! Fanny, by-the-bye, made a decent pun on this subject, "wet weather," said she "is at least characteristic of a watering-place." Allowed the hypothesis, but disapproved of the subject. Heard the bells. Attended morning church, and enquired of a fat clerk whether was any afternoon or evening service. Had luncheon by way of amusement. Looked out of window and busied myself in counting the eave-drops. Fanny up stairs arranging her dress for to morrow. Thought of my books in Lincoln's-inn. Untied my shoe-strings, in order to have the pleasure of tying them again. *Mem:* It seems a long while to dinner, my watch must surely be wrong.

**MONDAY, May 15th.**—Drove over to Brighton. Fanny dressed in the extreme of fashion, and full, as usual, of smiles and vivacity. Walked together on the Steyne. Met one Captain Dermot O'Doherty, of Ballyshannon; a former suitor of my wife's, (till he found that she had nothing) and an Irishman. Formally introduced to him, and shaken, on the spot, by a hand as hard as a deal board. *Mem:* Fanny seems much taken with him—but this of course, the fellow is full of cravat and compliment, stands six feet high by about three broad, and enjoys moreover the full possession of a nose or snout clubbed with little red spots like a shoe with hob-nails. Can't say I think much of him.

**TUESDAY, May 16th.**—Received a visit from the long Irishman. Offered Fanny and myself tickets for the Brighton assembly. Kicked her under the table as an hint to decline them: No use, one might as well kick a post. Fellow staid a full hour, during which Mrs. Higgs never ceased talking. Very strange she can't talk as much with me.

**WEDNESDAY, May 17th.**—Had a tiff with Mrs. Higgs about the long Irishman. In return she called me jealous; shows how little she knows of human nature. How can I be jealous of such an uncouth, raw-boned, disjointed, potatoe-munching jackanapes? called him so before her face, and got nicknamed, an old frump, in return. *Mem:* That's all one gets for one's good-nature. "Old frump," indeed! think of that now. I should not mind her calling me a "frump," but "old"—besides, 'tis no such thing, I shall not be fifty till the first of April. Went to bed in a rage, and dreamed of the long Irishman.



THURSDAY, May 18th.—Walked out before breakfast, and met the long Irishman. I detest swearing, but curse him, what does he mean by it? (Returned home exceedingly hip-pish: no conversation, no books, no amusements, no friend; nothing human, in short, but Mrs. Frances Higgs, and “she’s of the feminine gender,” as Lingo says. Dined at three o’clock, and helped twice to cheese, by way of something to do. Went half price to the theatre, and encored the passage “What lost Mark Anthony the world? a woman.” Nudged Mrs. Higgs, and whispered in her ear, that even a woman was preferable to a wife. “Or a husband either,” said she. “One never knows the value of an object until it be lost,” said I. “Then I hope you will soon give me an opportunity of appreciating yours,” said she. What a fit subject for sale under the Roman law!—but no; I should never meet with a purchaser.

FRIDAY, May 19th.—Received three letters of congratulation on my marriage. Fancy they were meant as sneers, and wrote, in reply, that I was as well as could be expected. Lounged at the Circulating-library, and met, on my return, the confounded Irishman in earnest conversation with my wife. How could Mrs. Higgs imagine that it was possible to be jealous of such a wretch? Had a quarrel with her about him, (not that I think him worth quarrelling about,) and rushed in a rage to the theatre. *Mem:* I forgot to mention that Mrs. Higgs went with me.

SATURDAY, May 20th.—Another quarrel, as usual. Astonishing Mrs. Higgs can’t keep her temper. Threatened to fling the blue sugar-bason at my head. What a vixen—but its no use, I see clearly how it is; I’m a wretch for life. Received in this alarming state a letter of condolence from Tomkins. Replied, by return, as follows:—“Dear Tom, if you have not already perpetrated matrimony, avoid it as you value your life. Hanging is a mere joke to it.”—Put my note in the Post, and went to bed; distracted. *Mem:* The cursed sea makes such a noise under one’s windows, there’s no sleeping for it.

SUNDAY, May 21st.—Went to church by way of doing penance for my guilt. Returned home filled (thank God,) with Christian meekness, and met the long Irishman chatting as usual with Mrs. Higgs. Cursed like a coal-heaver, and told her

to pack up, as I intended to pack off for London. Quite sick of Worthing, detestably dull place, fit only for such a scamp as O'Doherty. Received another letter of congratulation on my marriage, and had serious thoughts of sending a challenge in reply. Walked along the sea-shore, and saw a man who looked as miserable as myself. Concluded that he was just married. N. B. Is it not a shocking thing that a gentleman of my years should be thus tortured? But I'll not stand it: I'll run off to the Continent.—Shoot, drown, poison, or hang myself in my garters, as an awful warning to Bachelors. Said so to Mrs. Higgs, and was thanked, in reply, 'for my kind intentions. What a brute!—but I deserve it: and thus ends the HONEYMOON of that unhappy wretch, Benedick Higgs.

#### ILLUSTRATION OF AN OLD PROVERB.

THE phrase, or proverb "to dine with Duke Humphrey," is generally understood to refer in some way to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the son of King Henry the fourth; but the following account of its origin states, with more probability, the peculiar circumstances which gave currency to the phrase; and while it corroborates the common opinion, it shews the precise application of the proverbial saying. After the death of the Duke of Gloucester, many persons, who had been the servants or dependants of that unfortunate nobleman, used to meet every year, on Saint Andrew's-day, at the tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, in St. Paul's, mistaking it for that of the Duke, who was privately interred in the abbey of St. Alban's. The object of the faithful followers of Duke Humphrey, on these occasions, was to shew their respect for his memory, by strewing flowers and sprinkling water over the monument, which their mistaken piety and gratitude attributed to that prince. They were, however, joined by numbers of idle loiterers, who, supposing that these ceremonies were performed in consequence of some charitable bequest of the Duke, expected at least to get a dinner, by assisting at them. But as no provision of the kind was ever made, the self-interested parasites were deservedly disappointed; and not only so, they became the jest of the bye-standers, who used tauntingly to ask, *if they had dined with Duke Humphrey?*

M. J.

bring a - gain,      Seals of love, seals of love, but

But my kis - ses bring a - gain,      Seals of love, but

seal'd in vain, Take, oh! take those lips a - way,

seal'd in, vain, Take, oh! take those lips a - way,

But my kis - ses bring a - gain,

But my kis - ses





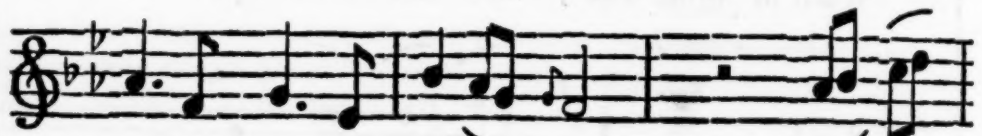
Take, oh! take those lips a - way,



bring a - gain, Take, oh! take those lips a - way,



Take, oh! take those lips a - way But my kis - ses



Take, oh! take those lips a - way. But my



bring a - gain, But my kis - ses bring a - gain,



kis - ses bring a - gain, Bring oh! bring again, Seals






Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, in



seals of love, but seal'd in vain, but seal'd in vain, in



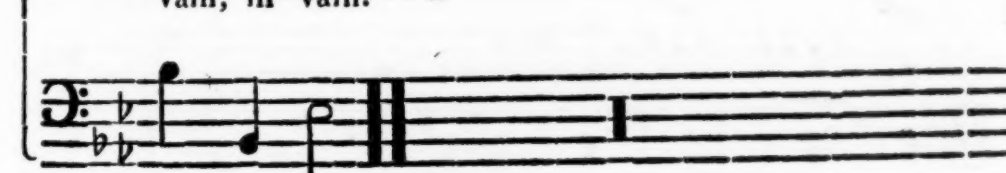
vain, in vain.



vain, in vain.



vain, in vain.



vain, in vain.



## No. XIII.

*No more shall I seek in the red Field of Danger.*

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

*With Expression.*

[AIR—'Tis gone and for ever.





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BIOGRAPHY OF ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

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## THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA.

THE adventures of Theodore de Neuhoff, rather than his personal character or talents, intitle him to a place in our Gallery of Eccentrics. The spectacle of a private gentleman suddenly raised to the rank of an independent sovereign, and as speedily debased to the station of a wandering outcast, and afterwards to that of an incarcerated debtor, if it derive but little interest from the genius of the individual who was thus made the sport of Fortune, is yet, in itself, sufficiently singular to prove interesting.

Theodore is said to have been the son of Anthony Baron de Neuhoff, a descendent of a noble and illustrious German family; who, having displeased his haughty relatives by marrying the daughter of a merchant, quitted his native country and went to France, where he obtained the patronage of the Duchess of Orleans\*. By her recommendation, he obtained a government in the province of Metz. He resided for some time in the city of Metz, where his son Theodore, and a daughter were born; who were both left fatherless at an early age. The Duchess of Orleans took care of the children, and had them educated at her court. Young Neuhoff was page to the Regent Duke of Orleans, the son of his father's patroness. He is reported to have displayed a studious disposition, and when twelve years old to have been particularly fond of reading history. The perusal of Plutarch's Lives inspired him with a wish to imitate the heroic actions of the great personages of antiquity. This disposition led him to engage in the service of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, a prince whose daring exploits would lose little in a comparison with those of an Alexander, or an Achilles. Neuhoff obtained some military reputation in the Swedish service; and also shewed such a capacity for political intrigue, that Baron Gortz, prime minister to Charles the Twelfth,

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\* The *Secret Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV.*, lately published, were extracted from the correspondence of this princess, who was a native of Germany.

employed him in some negociations, in the management of which his conduct gave great satisfaction. He was sent into Spain, to concert with Cardinal Alberoni the means of restoring Prince Charles Edward to the throne of this country. Neuhoff afterwards returned to Sweden, where he was graciously received by the king. Baron Gortz removed to the Hague, accompanied by our adventurer, who took several journeys to England, to forward the plans carrying on against the government of the house of Brunswick. Count Gyllenbourg, the Swedish ambassador to the Court of London, forgetting the responsibility attached to the situation he held, became an agent in these machinations of the partizans of the House of Stuart. The plot was discovered, and the Ambassador, notwithstanding the character he sustained, was put under arrest, for conspiring against the sovereign to whom he was sent. Neuhoff was so fortunate as to escape to Holland. The States General, desirous to oblige the English government, caused Baron Gortz to be arrested at Deventer. Neuhoff dreading the same fate, sought an asylum in the house of the Spanish ambassador, where he remained till the Baron was released from his imprisonment, through the interposition of the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, at the request of the Czar, Peter the Great.

On obtaining his liberty, Baron Gortz, accompanied by Neuhoff, returned to Sweden. The death of his sovereign, Charles the Twelfth, killed at the siege of Frederickshal, in 1719, proved the destruction of his favourite minister. Gortz immediately afterwards was arrested, tried, and condemned by the Senate of Stockholm to be beheaded at the foot of the town gallows. Neuhoff, expecting to be involved in the misfortunes of his patron, quitted Sweden hastily, and went to Madrid, where he soon obtained a colonel's commission. Here he married Lady Sarsfield, maid of honour to the Queen of Spain. But being disappointed in the expectation of advantages from this alliance, in which he had indulged, he basely deserted his wife, leaving her in a state of pregnancy, and went to France. In that country he became connected with the famous Law, an adventurer like himself. From thence he proceeded to Florence; where, according to his own account, he was appointed resident minister of the Emperor of Germany.

While at Florence he made himself acquainted with the

affairs of the Corsicans, who had been subject to the Genoese, and were then struggling for their liberty. Of the state of affairs in Corsica, Neuhoff determined to take advantage, in a very extraordinary manner. He procured an invitation, from some of the party in arms against the government of Genoa, to take the title of king of the island. What effectual encouragement he received on this occasion from any of the European powers, appears uncertain. He indeed entered into a kind of negociation with the Turkish government, by means of Prince Ragotzky, a Transylvanian exile, then residing at Constantinople; and it is not improbable that he might have procured money from that source. His projects against the Genoese are also said to have been favoured by the English minister at Leghorn. He certainly found means to procure arms, ammunition, and ships, from Tunis, for his proposed expedition. During his preparations, the Corsican insurgents were reduced to the utmost extremities by the Genoese; and the appearance of Neuhoff among them, was therefore hailed as a most fortunate event. It was in March, 1736, that he arrived at Aleria, on board a ship of twenty-four guns, bearing English colours. This vessel was accompanied by two more, laden with provision, arms, ammunition, &c. consisting of 14,000 sacks of corn, six pieces of brass cannon, twelve pounders; 20,000 muskets, bayonets, and other implements of war; 14,000 uniforms, as many pair of shoes, the same number of hats; and a chest of gold, containing 100,000 sequins.

The new king was conducted to the capital Corte, amidst the acclamations of the people, who imagined they saw in him a guardian angel, whose presence would terminate their misfortunes. In a general assembly of the principal persons of the island, he was elected King of Corsica and Capraja, under the title of Theodore the First. He was declared an independant and hereditary sovereign; crowned with laurel, and raised on the shoulders of his adherents, he was borne along amidst the acclamations of surrounding multitudes, who exclaimed *King Theodore and Liberty for ever!*

With these favourable omens did this new potentate enter on his government. At first he gained advantages over the Genoese invaders. But these successes were, probably, owing more to the enthusiastic ardour of his troops than to the military talents of their general. The dominion of Genoa



over the Corsicans appeared, however, to be drawing to a close, when the assistance of France turned the scale of victory against the islanders. In 1737, Theodore suddenly quitted Corsica, leaving his followers to the mercy of their enemies. He departed under the pretext of procuring succours from some continental government, to enable him to carry on the war. If he had any expectation of this sort he was disappointed; for he retired to England, where nothing but misfortune awaited him. He applied to the British ministry for the means of reconquering his kingdom, but without success.

A few years after his involuntary abdication, he married a second wife, Miss Isabella Edmonstone, the eldest of five daughters of a Colonel Edmonstone, who possessed an estate of six hundred a year in Scotland. On the death of the proprietor, the estate, contrary to the custom of the country, was equally divided between the five ladies. When this union took place Theodore was in very embarrassed circumstances. His foreign creditors pursued him to London; and the patrimony of his wife was sold to satisfy his most pressing demands. When the supplies thus obtained were expended, he incurred new debts, and was thrown into the King's Bench Prison. While he was confined, his unfortunate wife wandered about the streets of the metropolis, for months together, to procure bread for herself and her husband. Her relations in Scotland, offended at her marriage, refused to yield her any relief.

Rarely does history present us with an instance of a sovereign prince reduced to such a state of degrading misery as Theodore. Of his conduct during his confinement, some stories have been circulated by no means to his credit. But whatever his failings were, a veil may fairly be thrown over them, as those of a man whose misdeeds were visited by severe temporal punishment. He was at last extricated from prison by an act of Insolvency, in 1756; on which occasion he indulged his vanity by assigning his kingdom of Corsica to his creditors. He died, at the close of the same year, in a small apartment, which he and his wife occupied in the house of a tailor in an obscure lane, in Westminster; and was buried in the churchyard of St. Anne's parish. Lord Orford wrote an epitaph for his monument, which is well known.

The widow of the ex-king retired to Edinburgh; and having been reconciled to her sisters, an annuity was granted her,

on which she lived the life of a recluse for thirty eight years, dying in July 1794.

By his first wife, Theodore left one son, whose destiny was, if possible, more unhappy than his own. He was bred a soldier, and usually styled Colonel Frederick. When his father fled from Corsica, Frederick entered into the service of the Elector of Wirtemburgh, who gave him a Colonel's Commission and the Cross of the Order of Merit. About 1760, he came to England, to negotiate some political affairs for the Elector. Proving unsuccessful, he lost the patronage of that prince; and subsequently supported himself by writing for the press. He published "*Memoirs of Corsica*," from which the preceding narrative is partly taken. The death of this unfortunate gentleman, which happened in 1796, was attended with some singular circumstances.—Having repeatedly applied in vain to the British ministry for employment or assistance, he resolved to address himself, personally, to the King, as he passed in his carriage to St. James's-park. Mounting on a bench in a conspicuous spot, he uncovered his head, and as the coach drove by waved his hat, and with a loud voice uttered the following words: "The son of a King solicits your Majesty for bread!" This extraordinary occurrence affected those who were present—a contribution was raised among the spectators, and handed to Colonel Frederick; but he had too much pride or feeling to accept it. He immediately walked to the entrance of Westminster-abbey, and taking a pistol from his pocket, shot himself through the head.

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#### BRIDAL TRAGEDY.

At an Indian wedding, at the Phillippine islands, the bride retired from the company, in order to go down to the river to wash her feet. As she was thus employed, an alligator seized her. Her shrieks brought the people to the place, who saw her between the monster's teeth, and just drawn under the water. The bridegroom instantly plunged after, and, with his dagger in his hand, pursued the monster. After a desperate conflict, he made him deliver up his prey, and swam to the shore, with the body of his dead wife in his arms!

## THE IRISH WEDDING;

OR,

*The Heir of the Castle.**(Continued from page 96.)*

ALEXANDER MACFUNGUS was an old Scotchman, who, having quitted his own country in pursuit of better fortune than he had enjoyed at home, had been introduced to the knowledge of the late Lord of Dunfinny, at a period when the scythe of death had just deprived him of a steward whom he had highly valued, and whom he had found it difficult to replace with a man of equal integrity and ability.—The Scot was a good accountant, and tolerably well versed in the system of rural economy; Lord Dunfinny had, accordingly, taken him into his service, and, during the fifteen years for which he had been entrusted with the management of his affairs, had received no cause to be dissatisfied with his services.

This Mr. Macfungus inhabited a neat house in the centre of the village of Dunfinny, of which his late employer had put him in possession, and thither we now transport our readers. Alexander Macfungus had been an honest servant to the living, but, like many other men, he did not feel the same scruples about robbing the dead. Accordingly, believing both his old master and his young one, as he called Charles, to be no more, and seeing a fine estate, and castle, as it were, going a begging, he conceived that there could be no harm in a poor faithful steward's taking a few odd articles to himself, to remember his master by; and accordingly conveyed to his own house a few ounces of plate, not exceeding the value of five hundred pounds, and such ready money and jewels as were contained in the castle; and in order that the busy eyes of the world might not pry into his keepsakes, he had buried them in a hole in his garden, till an opportunity should present itself to him, for disposing of them to better advantage.

Macfungus was a bachelor, but he did not lead a life of solitude; a little Welch girl, named Taffline ap Jones, had for some years past been the solace of his hours; and as little girls who live with old men, are much more likely to worm out their secrets, than their wives would be, if they had any, she was acquainted with the deposit in the garden.



On the evening of Charles Herbert's return to the neighbourhood of his paternal domain, Macfungus had just lit his candle, and set himself down to read an English newspaper, when Taffline, who had been out into the village, running into the room, informed him, "that the new Lord was within a stone's throw of the castle, and besought him to lose no time in going to pay his respects, and solicit the continuance of his situation."

Macfungus took his hat and stick from the peg, and set out, but in less than half a dozen minutes, to the surprise of Taffline, he returned again. "I canna gang the nicht," he said, "I canna think what's the reason why I am grown sic an a fearfu' man; I never was sae afore; it is dark abroad to nicht, and every step I set, I start wi' fright, and think about seeing sprites and devils."

"Apparitions always come in shape of white mountain goats, in Wales, look you," replied Taffline.

"Hoot awa', hoot awa', lass," cried Macfungus, "dinna talk o' apparitions, I hae nae liked the sound o' their names, ever since I hae had that lump o' siller buried in the garden."

"What does hur think the old lord, or his nephew, will rise up, and ask hur for it?" rejoined Taffline.

"I aften wish frae my saul I had ne'er touched it," groaned forth Alexander; and after a moment's pause he added, "I'll give fifty pound to St. Andrew's kirk, when I dee." "Oh don't hur think about apparitions," rejoined Taffline; "think hur of the money and the silver, and the plate, and let that make hur easy; and if hur should see apparitions, hur must do as hur cousin Taffy ap Lloyd did at Llanymdovry."

Macfungus did not reply; and Taffline went on thus—"Hur must know that Taffy ap Lloyd had robbed hur master of nine sixpences; and hur master did die before hur had paid hur; so as hur was dead hur did not mean to pay hur at all—So one night, as hur Taffy was sitting over the fire, thinking a little of hur dead master and hur debt, the door was opened, and in glides hur master's apparition—"

At this moment Charles Herbert, who had always been accustomed to walk into the steward's house without ceremony, burst open the door, and appeared before him. With a loud exclamation of terror, Macfungus sunk upon his knees: "Oh,

it is come! the ghaist is come!" he cried; then addressing the imagined spectre, he added, "Oh spare me, spare me, and I'll restore a' that I hae purloined to the richt heir o' the castle—oh spare me! spare me, mercifu' spirit!"

"Why, what do you mean? what new wonder is this?" cried Charles, "don't you know Charles Herbert?"

"Can it be possible that I hear the voice of my respected master's nephew?" exclaimed Macfungus.

An explanation now took place which convinced Macfungus of Herbert's sublunary state.—"Ah," he said, "ye hae heard my confession o' my misdeeds, and ye may believe that I was ne'er better pleased than I am that ye are alive to receive back your property, for I hae nae breathed sae free as I do at this moment sin I purloined it.—Forgive me, my laird, for I can truly affirm that, had I kent your lairdship had been in existence, I would nae hae touched a baubee that I had found in the castle; and I had trusted there was nae muckle sin in turning to my ain account a mite o' the riches o' a commoner coming to an estate, and a title."

Charles now impatiently enquired for his uncle, and his fears were confirmed in learning that he was no more. Charles shed to his memory the tears of unaffected sorrow, and after some time past in melancholy reflection on the memory of him whom he had lost, he thus addressed Macfungus; "The error of which you have been guilty shall be entirely forgotten by me, upon condition of your devoting yourself to my service in a business which materially concerns the future happiness of my life."

Macfungus gratefully declared himself at his command.

"What I have to desire of you is this," replied Charles; "in the first place give myself and my servant beds in your house to night; and be careful that no one without these walls, gains intelligence of my either being returned to Ireland, or alive."

Macfungus promised to execute his wishes, and immediately issued his orders to that effect.

"In the next place," replied Charles, "when I retire to my chamber, I shall write a letter which you must provide some confidential person to convey for me at an early hour in the morning; it is for the daughter of him who at this

moment supposes himself the heir of the castle; and the messenger must be cautioned not to confess whence he had it, if such an enquiry be made of him."

"It should be done," Macfungus said; and after Charles had held some further conversation with him respecting the death of his lamented uncle, and of the events which had occurred subsequent to that period, he retired to his sleeping-apartment, where he composed that epistle, addressed to Louisa, of which a copy has already been laid before the reader; and to her we must now unfold the motive by which Charles had been guided in leading her to believe him oppressed by poverty, at the very instant when he had discovered himself to have become the heir of rank and wealth.

A certain fascination in the manners and person of Louisa had more powerfully captivated the heart of Charles, than the charms of any other woman had yet been able to effect; and provided he could convince himself that the return of affection which she had professed to render him were the spontaneous effusion of her feelings, he wished to make her his wife; but knowing the sphere of life from which she had so lately risen, he doubted whether the gratification which her vanity might receive from a proposal of marriage addressed to her by a man of his superior rank, might not induce her to return an affirmative to his offer, whether or not she felt herself capable of bestowing her heart along with her hand: he therefore resolved to make the experiment of her real sentiments, before he disclosed himself to her as the lord of Dunfinny.

When he arose on the following morning, calling aside Mr. Macfungus, he directed him to prepare to go immediately to the castle, and to inform old Paul, that his supposed inheritance was void, a nearer relative than himself of the late Lord's having been discovered. "Do not, as I have before warned you," added Herbert, "acquaint him of my existence, only assume to him the consequence of a man invested with undisputed authority for what he does, and inform him that he must begone in twenty-four hours."

"Oh, never fear but I'll assume consequence enough to send the petty shopkeeper about his business," replied Macfungus; "and happy am I in the opportunity of any service by which I can prove the gratitude I bear to your lairdship's family."



"You took rather an odd way of showing your gratitude when you robbed their heirs," said Charles.

"Oh nae mair o' that, I beseech you, my laird," rejoined the steward.

"I had forgotten my promise of oblivion," answered Herbert, "but I will adhere to it in future."

"Oh, you are a bra, bonny lad," ejaculated Macfungus, and departed on his mission.

Old Paul had just seated himself at his solitary breakfast-table, for Louisa had refused to quit her chamber, and Windlewaff was abroad on a walk of investigation, when Tim Dash entering the apartment, said, "There is an odd kind of a man sir, in the hall, who desires to see you."

"See me!" echoed Paul, "who can it be that wants to see me; I can have no acquaintance here; but, perhaps," he added, "it may be one of the neighbouring gentry come to pay his respects to me. What kind of a man is he, Dash?" "why he is a Scotchman, I think," returned Dash; "'Tell old Pop,' said he, 'that Mr. Alexander Archibald Ambrose Macfungus wants to speak to him.'"

"Old Pop!" ejaculated Paul; "why I used to be called master Pop behind the counter; and now I am come to inherit a fine castle, and have found myself out to belong to an ancient family, they call me old Pop; perhaps that may be the very reason; I have heard say that age is honourable, so very likely, old Pop may be the stylish way in Ireland of addressing a lord. I'll answer him in his own way—tell him, old Pop says he may walk in."

Dash retired, and, in a few minutes, introduced Macfungus; "That is my master, sir," said Tim.

"Vary weel," answered Macfungus, who supporting the consequence which Charles had directed him to assume, scarcely vouchsafed old Paul a nod of his head at entering; and turning to Dash, he exclaimed, "Hand me a chair, young lad." Dash obeyed. Macfungus seated himself; and when he had done so, "Give me another," said Paul.

"Hold!" cried Macfungus, motioning to Tim, as he spoke, not to comply with his master's command; then turning to Paul, he continued, "There is nae occasion for you to sit down; my business wi' ye will sune be done, and then ye can gang ye're gait."

"Go to the gate!" ejaculated Paul! "what should I go to the gate for? I don't know what you mean!"

"It is very likely that my language may be unintelligible to ye," replied the steward, "Mr. Alexander Archibald Ambrose Macfungus, which is mysel, has been nae muckle used to converse alig wi petty shopkeepers!"

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Macfusty, or whatever your name may be, or whoever you may be, or whatever your business with me may be," returned old Paul, "not a word against shop-keeping in my hearing; my shop has supported me in ease and comfort for forty years; and hang me, if I'll stand tamely by to hear it abused by a man who never so much as bought a *harpeth* of snuff in it!"

"Weel, gude mon, weel," answered Macfungus, "I am glad ye are so muckle in love wi' the luxuries o' standing behind the counter i' ye're snuff and tobacco-shop, for I am come to remand ye to the ease and comfort it affords ye.—There is a flaw i' the business o' ye're inheritance, Mr. Pop, and sabeins, ye may pop yerself into your chaise again, and bounce back to the pepper-mill!"

"A flaw!" exclaimed the surprised Paul, "what, is there another death!"

"Oh nae," replied the steward, "there is a life mair, as was expected; there is a nearer relative of the late Laird's in existence, who, through me, requests the pleasure o' ye're company's absence."

"Why, who are you? what authority have you for what you say?" asked Paul.

"Only the authority of being the present Earl's messenger to ye," replied Macfungus; "and that ye're journey may nae hae been made for nought, he grants ye twenty-four hours to luke about ye at what ye have lost, before ye quit the premises."

"Here is a commence!" cried Paul, "and if there is a nearer heir alive, why were I and my family brought down here, and made to do penance in that cursed packet-boat, where we were all crammed together like a basket of figs packed for exportation?"

"These are accidents," replied the steward coolly, "to which the nature of human affairs is subject,"—and telling him to keep

up his spirits, for that Eastcheap would reward him for his disappointment, Macfungus departed.

Although poor Pop had not been foolishly elevated by the influx of rank, and riches, still he was severely mortified by the idea of suffering a privation of those good things to the enjoyment of which he had now composed his mind—Hurrying to his daughter's chamber, he burst open the door, and thus addressed her.—“Why Louy, why child, why it is all up with our grandeur; there is a flaw in the inheritance, and it has blotted us out of the line of ancient nobles.” Louisa did not immediately reply, and Pop proceeded thus: “why, don't you believe me? why, by the Lord, I tell you, it is all dicky with us; it ha' pleased the pigs to put an end to our glory; and there will be a fine uproar with your mother when she comes for to hear it—what ain't you vexed, ain't you disappointed? hang me, but I believe you are more vexed because the fellow that made me sea-sick has run away from you.”

A deep sigh, on the part of Louisa, was a reply in the affirmative to her father's suspicion.

“Some deceitful beggar,” exclaimed the enraged Paul.

“A beggar, indeed,” replied Louisa, “but an honest one, as he has confessed to me his poverty.”

“Give him half-a-crown then for speaking the truth, if ever you see him again, and send him about his business,” rejoined Paul. “I don't know what chance you might have stood of getting a *suiter* more to your mind than Mr. Windlewaff, if I had continued a lord; but as things are, you may jump sky-high that you have such a string to your bow.—I shall go and look for him, acquaint him with our mishap, and as soon as we have packed up our tatters, trundle back the way we came.—Cusre the flaw, I say!” and with these words he quitted his daughter, in pursuit of Mr. Windlewaff, of whom no person could give him any account.

(To be continued.)



## HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DRAMA,

WITH

Anecdotes of its Professors, Ancient and Modern.

*(Continued from page 30.)*

IN turning over certain MSS. of my old and deceased friend who, both by discourse, and in his diary, bequeathed to me, furnished me with the foregoing, and many other dramatic anecdotes, a letter fell into my hand, addressed to him by one of the most beautiful actresses of the day.—And, as the subject was a brief account of an insult she had received from a party of country ladies, who accidentally met her in a private assembly in the country, the remarks she makes on the injustice, as well as cruelty, of such conduct, to one of their own sex, merely on account of her being an actress, may be sufficiently curious to admit of their insertion here.—The writer was a woman of unblemished character, as well as professional talent; and it will be seen, that the language of her complaint neither wants spirit, nor elegance. She afterwards married a man in a high station of society; but not to give offence, perhaps, to the family of her husband, (he being now no more,) her name is withheld from these pages. After the recital of the scene which had so severely wounded her feelings, she proceeds as follows.—

“It would be tedious, my dear sir, for me to recapitulate to you, what my kind friends have said, in their attempts to soothe me under my present disgrace—my having been actually turned out; for it amounted to that, however delicately the insinuation was intimated to me by the bearer of the message—“that my presence was a matter of surprise to those ladies!”—Ladies, who, I knew, had so often crowded together, in rivalry to obtain boxes, when I have performed!—Indeed I feel the stroke on my own dignity as a woman, and a human being, with as keen a sense of moral degradation, as when a man deems his honour stricken, by a ruffian blow on his person. But you can demand an apology, and force it; but we women, and an actress!—nay, all of our profession, of whichever sex, how are we contemned from all redress!—Some indeed, tell me, that the first noblemen of the land have placed

their coronets on the heads of women on the stage; and also, that I must know by experience, that many persons of the highest respectability court the society of the drama.—I grant both these arguments; but still they are only partial deviations from the common prejudice against us, not an absolute change of the general sentiment; when the situation of the puppets of a fantoccina, after representation, was more tolerable than ours. For though certain liberal families of station, and character, do indeed admit us, some to kindred, others to friendships, and most to mere acquaintance; yet it is almost ever thought necessary to offer some apology to the world for such distinction.—The actor or actress is to be excused, as such, on account of some peculiar circumstance.—He or she “is a very good kind of person,” or, “of a particular genteel origin,” or “indeed, the very rare fame” he or she has gained in the profession, passes her into notice more peculiarly, as “a sort of lion” to be stared at!

“But why is such apology to be made at all? It carries covert insult, in its very birth.—You do not preface the introduction of male or female authors, with their pedigree, as an indemnification for presenting their talents to a fashionable circle; and what is the difference between one professor of genius, and another?—Is not the fruit of a cultivated mind, equally valuable, through whatever medium it meets our enjoyment?—Speculation would answer, yes! but experience replies, no!—Is this just?—The professors of science find that very title a passport to carry them into the politest companies.—The philosopher and the poet are greeted by the most elevated classes, with a smiling countenance, and open arms; but the actor, who gives to the mere description of the poet, body and existence, he who transfuses the lays of the moral bard into his own sensitive bosom, and pours them hence again, warm and penetrating, through the various avenues of the human heart,—he is rejected with scorn, or admitted reluctantly, with a freezing, or half-averted welcome!—Ah, my dear sir, to what do these arrogant self-idolaters pretend?—For is it not height of character, as well as of station, that they boast over their repudiated fellow-creatures, who seek bread, and reputation on the stage!—But these proud, self-approving cynics, create the very mischief, produce the very immorality, they affect to condemn.—Yes, cold-breasted mortals! it is you, who, in making genius ignominious, betray its possessor into

vice. It is you, who, quenching the virtuous hopes of a youthful and ingenuous spirit, plunge the mind into disorder.—You treat him, as if he were base!—Can you reproach him, when you find him so;—had it not been for your early obloquy, he might have respected a pure character, as highly as he valued a brilliant fame.—He would have considered his conspicuous talents, but as pillars on which to have erected the reputation of a revered head of a family. But you thrust him from the respectable level of the *gentleman*.—With the natural attraction of one human being to his species, he sighs for society, and often for other society than that your injustice has taught him to despise.—He avoids persons of his own profession, because of the stigma you have laid on them; and emulous, by any means, perhaps, to escape the complete interdiction, he earns the occasional domestic notice of the *prosciber's* of *his profession*, by bartering his talents, even in private, for their amusement.—But let me ask! can any one of these prejudiced fine ladies and gentlemen, tell me why our profession is thus disgraceful?—For how great is the scandal against us, when an actor or actress are actually denied Christian burial in France,—Thanks to the reformation, we are not excluded from our rights as human beings, after we lay down our characters, good or bad, in the grave.—But still, while we live, it is only by *licence*, that we are not treated as creatures, wild and lawless as the gypsies who spread their canvass shelters on the common heath.—Yet why is genius to meet this fate, when exerted for subsistence? and when we find it treading the very same ground from mere caprice and pastime, it is lauded to the skies.—Is it more criminal to exert intellect for the sake of support, than for pleasure?—and what great examples have we, of the great and good, having trod a mimic stage!—I cannot forbear recalling a few instances. In the reign of Charles the First, that very grave and truly magnificent king, queen Henrietta, with a long train of nobility, performed masques for the entertainment of his majesty and the court; and even while her camp was pitched on Bishop's-down, near Tunbridge Wells, where she went to drink the waters, she varied the amusements of her rural hours, by performing little dramatic pieces amongst the adjoining rocks. Thus she, who was the wife of a monarch of England, and a princess of France, did not disdain to shew herself to be, what many an ignorant



and self-conceited chambermaid might now pretend to scorn. —But the royal Henrietta thought, with Epaminondas, and indeed with every expanded mind, that it is not the occupation which stamps the man, but the man which gives honour to the occupation.—Epaminondas knew himself to be as much a hero, when attending to the cleansing of the common sewers of Thebes, as when, by his valour and his wisdom, he repulsed the enemies of that ungrateful city!—Dear sir, till you write to me, to reconcile me, in some other way perhaps, to the indignity I now feel so sorely, I shall “lay this flattering unction to my soul,”—and try to fancy myself noble, like Epaminondas, and innocently injured, like him!—In this faith, I am still, I trust, respectably, as well as respectfully, yours, &c.”

Within the sheet of paper, in which my old friend had folded this letter, he wrote the following observation in a small hand:—

“If it is true, my fair correspondent, that “the highest effect of genius is to move the whole soul!”—and many great men have declared it to so; who has more exclusively displayed this power, than the actor!—and he not only moves, but fires.—He agitates the passions, to reform them; and, by actual examples, teaches them to move at the command of virtue.”

D.

(*To be continued.*)

#### FAMILY SYMPATHY.

In the reign of James the First, and when the Earl of Huntingdon was Lieutenant of the county of Leicester, a labourer's son was pressed to serve in the army destined to go into Bohemia with Count Mansfield. The poor father waited on the earl, requesting that his son might be discharged, as being the only staff of his age, who, by his own industry, maintained both his parents. The earl enquired his name, which the old man was long before he would confess, fearing that it might be deemed presumptuous to avow the same name as the nobleman he addressed; at length he said his name was Hastings. “Cousin Hastings!” said the earl, “we cannot all be top branches of the tree, though we all spring from the same root. Your son, my kinsman, shall not be pressed.”

## SEPTEMBER.

The New Style was first adopted September 2nd, 1752, eleven days being retrenched from the Calendar.

The Fire of London broke out on Sunday morning, September 2nd, 1666, O. S.; and, being impelled by strong winds, raged with irresistible fury, nearly four days and nights; nor was it entirely mastered till the fifth morning after it began.

This is said to have been the birthday of Dr. Johnson, the English Lexicographer, in the year 1709. Besides his ponderous Dictionary, Dr. Johnson edited several periodical publications. The Rambler and the Idler are almost entirely his own composition, and he wrote also Sketches of the Lives of the Poets. He died in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, December 13, 1781, aged 72. Dr. Johnson was certainly a man of considerable ability, as a general writer, but almost all his compositions are tinged with a sort of melancholy which haunted him all his life; and was produced, as it is thought, by a slight and chronic disorder of the functions of the liver. This hypochondriacal tinge is very conspicuous in his novel called Rasselas. Before his death this complaint entirely left him, and he died tranquil and comfortable.

29th. The poet Prior died this day in 1721.

ORIGIN OF THE MICHAELMAS GOOSE.—Very many enquiries have been made by antiquaries into the origin of eating Goose on this festival; none of which, however, prove satisfactory; and, in our opinion, it had no particular meaning, except that stubble Geese are now in perfection. People like to do things that are pleasant on holidays; and feasts, both among Polytheists and Christians, make up a great part of the miscellaneous customs attached to their calling. Geese are eaten likewise at Martinmas; and in Denmark, and other countries, where they are later in being ready for the table, this is usually the time when they are in vogue. As matter, however, of antiquarian information, we extract the following explanation of this custom from Gascoigne's Flowers, 4to, 1575, "and when the tenauntes come to paie their quarter's rent, they bring some fowle at Midsummer, a dish of lent in Lent: at Christmasse a capon, at Michelmas a goose; and somewhat else at Newyere's tide, for fear their lease flie loose."

## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## HISTORY.

**THE BOOK OF THE CHURCH.** BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo.—Under this rather quaint title, the Poet Laureate has furnished the public with an Ecclesiastical History of England. Those who are acquainted with the "Life of Wesley," and other productions, of this industrious writer, will be at no loss to guess the complexion of the work before us. His partialities and prejudices are of the vulgar kind, operating chiefly against Catholics and Protestant Sectaries. Independent of objections arising from this source, "the Book of the Church" may be characterized as a useful compilation.

**A HISTORY OF ENGLAND;** 2 vols. 12mo.—This is a convenient abstract of the annals of our native country, to the close of the reign of the late king, by Mrs. Markham. There is some novelty in the plan, consisting of alternations of lecture and dialogue. A new edition has just been published; which we mention, as it gives us an opportunity of recommending a work of which the first impression escaped our notice.

**MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF HENRY THE GREAT;** 2 vols. 8vo.—HENRI QUATRE, long the favourite of the French nation, and deservedly so, is the hero of these volumes. Voltaire has celebrated this prince in verse, in his "Henriade;" and Sully, in his admirable "Memoirs," has done justice to his character, in prose. From the latter, and from the cotemporary writings of Perefixe, Vittorio Siri, Matthieu, and others, the materials of these interesting and amusing volumes have principally been collected. They are embellished with a portrait of Henry; and a song with music both composed by that monarch, in compliment to his mistress, the beautiful Gabrielle d'Etrees.

**THE HISTORICAL LIFE OF JOANNA,** Queen of Naples and Countess of Provence; with correlative details of the Literature and Manners of Italy and Provence, in the 13th and 14th centuries. 2 vols. 8vo.—Joanna, or Joan, the grand-daughter and successor of Robert, king of Naples, who patronized the celebrated Petrarch, finished a long life and a reign of more than forty years, towards the conclusion of the fourteenth century. Her character was an unfavourable one; but her misdeeds were punished by numerous and severe misfortunes, serving to diversify an existence, at last terminated by a violent death. We think that the author of these memoirs has been happy in his choice of a subject, and successful in his manner of treating it.

## BIOGRAPHY.

**THE LIFE AND REMAINS OF EDW. D. CLARKE, LL.D.;** 4to.—The late celebrated traveller, Dr. Clarke, Professor of Mineralogy



at Cambridge, left behind him, in manuscript, an account of a tour in Scotland, and another in Italy; which are here published, with his correspondence, and an interesting Memoir of his life, studies, and pursuits, by his friend and executor, the Rev. William Otter.

**MEMOIRS OF THE LIVES AND ACTIONS OF THREE THOUSAND CONTEMPORARIES** in every walk of Public Life, including Emperors, Kings, Princes, Statesmen, Churchmen, Lawyers, Physicians, Military Men, Naval Men, Authors, Artists, Merchants, and distinguished Women of all Nations, living, or deceased, while the work has been in preparation. 3 vols. 8vo.—This copious title will amply indicate the contents of the work; which, so far as we have had an opportunity for examining it, appears to be well executed.

### TRAVELS, VOYAGES, AND TOPOGRAPHY.

**THE HIGHLANDS AND WESTERN ISLES OF SCOTLAND, &c.** Letters to Sir Walter Scott, Bart. By John Macculloch, M. D. F. R. S. &c. 4 vols. 8vo.—This work affords an amusing, interesting, and copious account of the north-western portion of the united kingdom.

**ITALY AND THE ITALIANS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.** By A. Vieusseux. 2 vols. 12mo.—The author of these volumes is a Florentine in the British service, who, though he apologizes in his preface for "inaccuracies of language and exoticisms of style," writes English with perspicuity and elegance. But this is by no means the only merit of his production. He has collected much curious and important information, the value of which is enhanced by the tone of liberal and enlightened sentiment with which it is seasoned. M. Vieusseux presents us with some interesting details relative to the female sex in Italy; and on many other topics his book affords novel and valuable additions to our knowledge of that country.

**FIVE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN CANADA, &c.** By E. A. Talbot esq. 2 vols. 8vo.—This publication is the fruit of experience, and, as such, intitled to more attention than the hasty sketches of the mere tourist. It may be useful to those who may be disposed to emigrate to the regions on the other side of the Atlantic.

**THE WONDERS OF ELORA,** by Captain Seely, contains an account of the singular sculptured caverns at Elora, near Aurungabad, in the East Indies. These excavations are among the most ancient existing monuments of Hindoo superstition, and the information relating to them in this volume, is well adapted to gratify a liberal curiosity.

**JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE IN ASHANTEE.** By Joseph Dupuis, esq. 4to.—The author of this work long resided in an official capacity at Mogadore, and was afterwards employed by the British government in a mission to the king of Ashantee. The war between that prince and the settlers at Cape Coast Castle, having attracted

public attention towards a people previously almost unknown in this country, the present publication is a very seasonable one; and it is but justice to Mr. Dupuis, to state, that it is executed in a manner creditable to his talents.

**VIEWS IN AUSTRALIA, OR NEW SOUTH WALES AND VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.** By J. Lycett.—Two numbers of these views have made their appearance, together with letter-press descriptions. The plates, as might be expected, have not all an equal degree of merit; but they will prove acceptable to those who wish to become acquainted with a country daily increasing in importance.

**THE CONCHOLOGIST'S COMPANION;** comprising the Instincts and Constructions of Testaceous Animals; with a General Sketch of those extraordinary Productions which connect the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms. 12mo.—This work is admirably "calculated to inspire an ardent love for the inimitable works of Nature, with the habit of admiring them." It is written in a neat, concise style, and the many interesting facts detailed throughout the volume, evince a deep investigation and minute research. It is the production of the Author of "Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom."

#### NOVELS.

**REDWOOD.** By the author of "A New England Tale." 3 vols. 12mo.—American novels were formerly scarce and worthless: they seem at present to be improving, as well as multiplying; but the latter operation goes on, as might be expected, much faster than the former. The "New England Tale," by the author or rather authoress of Redwood, was noticed with approbation in the *Ladies' Museum* for January, 1825: and the general observation made on it will apply to the work before us.

**THE DEVIL'S ELIXIR.** 2 vols.—This is a story from the German, by Mr. R. Gillies, author of many interesting articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is one of those tales of demoniacal agency, which seem to be the indigenous produce of the country whence it has been imported. The talents of Mr. Gillies have not been unprofitably exerted; for though many objections might be raised to the story itself, there can be none to the manner in which it is told.

**THE OUTCASTS.** 2 vols.—Mr. George Soane has here presented us with a well executed translation of an interesting novel, from the pen of the Baroness de la Motte Fouque.

**SWEEPINGS OF MY STUDY.** 12mo.—The author ascribes the preservation, and consequent publication, of these literary fragments, to the care and attention of his housemaid. Though we may doubt whether this damsel had any thing to do with the affair; yet we will acknowledge that the volume, however produced, may prove an acceptable companion on a rainy morning.

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**THE DRAMA.**

**SYLLA.** A Tragedy, in five Acts. Translated from the French of Mr. Jouy. 8vo.—This is a good translation of a dramatic piece, which was performed with applause on the Parisian stage.

**THE FAMILY SHAKSPEARE**, in 8 volumes, by Thomas Bowdler, esq. of which the third edition has just appeared, is an expurgated impression of the works of the great dramatist, well suited to the purpose of recitation in family parties.

**POETRY.**

**THE REMAINS OF ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.** 2 vols.—It is enough to state of this publication, that the profits, which may arise from it, are intended for the benefit of the family of the deceased author of "The Farmer's Boy."

**AUSTRALIA**; with other Poems. By T. K. Hervey.—The writer of these poems is young, a circumstance which may be considered as a sufficient excuse for the faults of a volume, which possesses many beauties.

**MYRTLE LEAVES**; a collection of Poems, chiefly Amatory. By T. W. KELLY.—There is not much originality in the style of this poet; but his productions, at least, are pleasing.

**THE POETICAL NOTE-BOOK**; and Epigrammatic Museum: containing more than one thousand choice Epigrams, &c. selected by G. Wentworth, Esq. 12mo.—The title will sufficiently announce the contents of this collection, which is rather varied and copious, than select. It, however, comprises many good things.

**EDUCATION.**

**THE SECOND, OR MOTHER'S CATECHISM**; containing common things necessary to be known at an early age. By the Rev. D. Blair.—We understand this little book to be the production of a lady, to whom children and their teachers are indebted for many useful publications. This, like the others, is well adapted to facilitate the task of instruction.

**INGENUOUS SCRUPLES**, chiefly relating to the Observance of the Sabbath, answered: in eight letters, forming a supposed Series from a Father to his Daughter. By Alicia Cath. Mant. small 8vo.—As mental improvement is the object of these "Letters," they may be noticed here. The design of the writer is so good, that it cannot but deserve commendation.

**AN INTRODUCTION TO THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT**, &c. By Lant Carpenter, LL. D. 12mo.—It may be considered as a proof of the utility of this little volume, that it has gone through five editions. Young persons will find it an admirable assistant in the perusal of the Bible, as it includes an "Outline of the Geography of the Old Testament."



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**Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.**

**Captain Parry.**—A transport vessel, which accompanied the northern expedition to the verge of the ice, has returned home. She left the Discovery ships the 2nd of July, in Davis's Straits, all well.

**Lord Byron.**—In addition to the promised life of the noble poet by Mr. Moore, it is said, we may expect one from the pen of Mr. Cam Hobhouse.

**School for Scandal.**—A French translation of this excellent English Comedy, without alteration of plot, characters, or dialogue, was announced for representation at Versailles on the 31st ult.

**University of Corfu.**—The establishment of the University of the Ionian Islands was celebrated with much solemnity at Corfu, on the 29th of May. On this occasion a speech was delivered in the presence of the Lord High Commissioner, &c. by the Earl of Guildford, the Chancellor of the institution; who was, as well as the Professors, clad in the costume of the ancient Greek Philosophers.

**Hunterian MSS.**—Some of the morning papers have raised an outcry against Sir Everard Home, on account of the destruction of some manuscripts of the celebrated anatomist John Hunter. It appears, however, Sir E. H. committed those relics to the flames in compliance with the directions of his deceased friend.

**Curious Invention.**—Mr. Perkins of Fleet Street has taken some spacious premises near the Regent's Park, for the purpose of exhibiting his mode of discharging shot, shells, or rockets, by the power of steam.

**New Printing Apparatus.**—A printing machine, invented by Mr. Church, of Birmingham, is described in the Edinburgh Journal of Science, in which the types are new cast every time they are used, to save the trouble of distributing them.

**Washington Irving.**—A new work intitled "Tales of a Traveller." By the author of the Sketch Book, has just made its appearance.

**French Academy.**—M. de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris, and M. Soumet, were elected members of the French Academy, on the 29th of last month, in the room of the deceased members, Cardinal Bousset and M. Aignan.

**Grecian Sculpture.**—Last year were found, among the ruins of a temple in Sicily, remains of antique sculpture, and several paintings, which have been removed to the Museum at Palermo.

**Mr. Bowdich.**—A description of the Island of Madeira, by the late Mr. Bowdich, is announced for publication in the ensuing winter.

**Abyssinian MSS.**—The curious papers collected by the celebrated traveller Bruce, in Abyssinia, it is said, are to be sent out of this country, having been purchased to adorn a Russian Library. If this be true, it is to be lamented that they were not preserved for the British Museum.

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EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,  
FOR AUGUST 1824.

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THE King came to town, from Windsor, on the 14th instant, and held a Privy Council, at which Parliament was further prorogued, from the 25th of this month to the 4th of November. The Recorder attended the court, and made his report to his Majesty, of the thirteen prisoners capitally convicted at the last Old Bailey Sessions, all of whom have been reprieved, during the royal pleasure.

It is said, Carlton Palace will be taken down, and an elegant square built on its scite, opening to the Park. There is also a report that a new palace will be built, adjoining to Buckingham House. The whole of the buildings at Whitehall, and Downing-street, as far as the house occupied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, are to be removed, to make room for the new public offices in progress.

The late Lord Erskine's estates in Sussex were lately sold by auction, and produced £45,915, subject to the purchasers' paying for the timber, coppices, and birch-wood, at a valuation.

FOREIGN TRANSACTIONS.—Some alterations have taken place in the French Ministry; though it remains essentially the same. Changes of places have occurred, but none of persons; therefore we may look for a continuation of the same policy which has been previously pursued. The state of society at Rome, if correctly reported, does no credit to the government of the Pope. It is said, that assassinations are becoming frequent in the public streets; and that the open country is infested by bands of robbers. Two edicts of government have been issued at Vienna, prohibiting Lady Oxford, Lord Holland, Lady Morgan, and others, from entering the dominions of Austria. Lord Holland is, it seems, charged with "Radicalism;" and Lady Morgan has given offence by her writings. A duel has been fought at Paris, between Lieut Finch, of the Life Guards, and a Mr. Beeby, in which the latter was killed, at the first shot.—The small island of Ipsara, in the Archipelago, has been taken by the Turks. On the other hand, Omar Vrioni, a Turkish officer, has revolted to the Greeks.—A gallant exploit has been performed by the crew of his Majesty's ship Naiad, in the destruction of an Algerine man of war, under the batteries of Bona. Peace has since been made with the government of Algiers.—The insurrection, as it was called, of the Negroes, in Jamaica, has been suppressed, and tranquillity restored to that island.—Intelligence has been received, that the Spanish royalists, in Peru, have been defeated by Bolivar.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.—A man named William Berridge, was lately murdered and robbed, near Brigg, in Yorkshire, by a chimney-sweeper; who has since suffered the penalty of his crime.—At the Oxford Assizes, on the 30th ult., James and Pittaway, two deer-stealers, were convicted of the murder of Lord Churchill's game-keeper. They were executed on the 2nd inst., asserting their innocence with their last breath.—At the Hertford Assizes, on the 31st, three men were found guilty of burglary, in entering the house of Lord Cowper's steward, at Hartingfordbury, and stealing £1800. They have, however, been respited. On the 28th, ult., the Archbishop of Dublin broke his collar-bone, by a fall from his horse.—Mr. Pater, a Lieutenant in the Navy, lately obtained a verdict, with £5000 damages, against Mr. Hancock, a wholesale grocer, in the city, for crim. con. with his wife.—At the Assizes at Worcester, a medical man brought an action against a very respectable lady, for slandering his professional character. The jury gave him 39 shillings damages.—William Barnet, a blacksmith of Hounslow, cut his throat, and afterwards threw himself into a well, in a state of insanity. On the 5th, inst., Susanna Pool was killed by the falling of some houses, in Old Compton-street, Soho. Robert Mark has been committed to prison, for the murder of his wife, whom he was supposed to have drowned in the canal, at Pimlico. William Bond was committed to prison, in default of bail, by the magistrates of Queen Square, for assaulting his wife, to whom he had been married but ten days. Mrs. Alice Thompson obtained a verdict with £100 damages, at York Assizes, against a Mr. Coverley, for the seduction of her daughter.—An action for crim. con., was lately brought against the Reverend S. S. Weyland, a clergyman, in whose favour, the jury returned a verdict. Mr. C. F. Williams, the barrister, was grossly assaulted in the street, at Southampton, by an attorney, named Burrige, who was committed to Bridewell; but has since been liberated, on his expressing his contrition for the offence.—The neighbourhood of Bury, in Suffolk has been visited by a most violent hail-storm, which did much damage. The ice is said to have lain *four inches deep*, in some places, at ten o'clock the next morning.—Two children were accidentally poisoned with arsenic, at Glasgow.—A market gardener, in Wiltshire, obtained a verdict, with £200 damages, at Dorchester Assizes, against the proprietors of a Bath van, in consequence of his leg being broken, from the carelessness of the driver of the van.—Mary Baker, tried at the same Assizes, for murdering her child, was acquitted.—At the Norwich Assizes, a Miss Wassall obtained a verdict with *one shilling* damages, for an assault, having been forcibly removed from a house, of which she had taken possession, against the owner's consent.—Mr. Light, a country gentleman, brought to Bow-street for assaulting a hackney-coachman, was allowed to arrange the affair privately; but in consequence of a thought-



less expression, when the man withdrew the charge, Mr. Light narrowly escaped paying the full penalty of his imprudence.—Sarah Malloy, housemaid in the family of a merchant, near Sheffield, brought an action for breach of promise of marriage, against her master's son, a gentleman aged twenty eight, who was obliged to pay £200 damages, for his incautious engagement.—Robert Weightman, a clerk at the Post Office, has been charged with taking money from a letter which passed through his hands.—A captain of a merchantman and his mate have been committed, under charge of the murder of a seaman, who dropt into the sea, and was drowned, in consequence of being forced to ascend the shrouds, when intoxicated.—Mr. Mills, an East India Director, paid £50 at Hatton-Garden, as the penalty of having French silk dresses and other contraband goods in his house.—It is said, that the property of Mrs. Donatty, (whose murder, some time ago, occasioned much fruitless inquiry,) will shortly be divided between her nephew and another person, who lay claim to it.—William Marshal was tried at Exeter Assizes, for the murder of Ann Taylor, whose brains he beat out. He appeared to be insane, and the jury brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty," on that ground.—At Durham, on the 18th instant, Mr. Hodgson, a surgeon of Sunderland, was tried on the charge of attempting to poison his wife, by administering sublimate to her, mixed with medicine ordered by a physician. He was acquitted.—Two gentlemen were tried at Hereford, for kicking an attorney in a public theatre, at Carmarthen; and sentenced to pay £200.—At Guildford Assizes, Andrew Leslie was indicted for setting fire to a house at Bermondsey, where he lodged. He was found "Not Guilty," appearing to be insane.—John Fitch was indicted for robbing Mr. Dompierre of his pocket-book in Vauxhall Gardens. He was convicted, and sentenced to fourteen years transportation.—The under gardener of Mr. Goodhart, of Langley Park, was shot on the night of the 15th inst. by thieves, when attempting to rob the hot-houses. The poor man died the next day.—Mrs. Burke, of Church-street, St. Giles's, was robbed lately of an infant child, by a genteelly dressed young woman, who met her in the street.—The roof of a house in Hemming's-row, St. Martin's-lane, fell in, and buried two persons, one of whom was so severely injured as to endanger his life.—A person in the Fleet Prison, amusing himself with tossing up a penny-piece and catching it in his mouth, let it fall into his throat, whence a surgeon with difficulty dislodged it, by thrusting it into the stomach.—A man named Turner, who brought an action at Coventry Assizes, against a Mr. Edwards, for the seduction of his daughter, obtained a verdict with "One shilling damages."—John Wilson, who described himself as a coal-merchant, of Burton Crescent, was found guilty, at Lewes Assizes, of robbing the Portsmouth Coach of £1605, and received sentence of transportation.

## THE DRAMA.

### THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A comedy of the late Mrs. Inchbald, intitled "Such Things are," has been revived at this house. Mr. Liston distinguished himself in the principal character; he was supported by Farren and Mrs. Gibbs. On the 10th, inst., a new comic Opera, entitled "The Alcayde;" or the "Secrets of Office," was exhibited. The plot is extremely confused, but the following is an outline of it:—Don Christopher Toxado, the chief magistrate of a Spanish city, fancies that his family is a model of propriety, in consequence of his prudent management. His wife, his son, and his niece, however, are as fond of pleasure as their neighbours, and contrive to enjoy it, unknown to him, being assisted in deceiving him, by Pedroso, his secretary. The wife and niece go to a masquerade, when the old gentleman supposes them to be in bed. At their return, he sees them in their gala dresses, and is persuaded, by Pedroso, to believe that they had put them on in honour of his birth-day. The son pretends to set off for the university, but goes to visit his mistress, and being apprehended in the street, is brought before his father, in a mask, which he is allowed to retain, and passes undiscovered. The son and the niece become involved in various difficulties in the prosecution of their respective love affairs; but, with the help of Pedroso, they contrive to keep the Alcayde in the dark, and terminate their amours to their own satisfaction, in matrimony. Mr. Liston, as the Secretary, and Madam Vestris and Miss Paton, as the son and niece, gave much effect to those characters, by their excellent performance. The piece is from the pen of Mr. Kenney; and, though manifestly inferior to his other productions, seems likely to become popular.

### THE ENGLISH OPERA.

A new musical entertainment, called "The Reign of Twelve Hours," has been brought forward at this theatre. Miss Kelly acted the heroine of the drama, which is indebted for its principal support to her talents. The plot is trifling and improbable. The Opera of "Der Freischütz" has become more attractive by the addition of Miss Stephens, in the character of Agnes, in which she introduces a new ballad. Some other improvements have also been made in this popular play.

It is reported that Mr. Charles Kemble is gone to Germany, for the purpose of engaging M. Weber, the composer of *Der Freischütz*, to superintend the musical department at Covent-garden Theatre, for the ensuing season.







*Fashionable Promenade & Evening Dresses for Sept. 1824*

*Invented by Miss Pierpont, Edward Street, Portman Square.*

*Published Sept. 1. 1824 by Dean & Monday, Threadneedle Street.*

THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1824.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of white crape over white satin; the border is ornamented by a double quilling of blond lace, surmounted by a similar one in deep festoons, headed with a narrow *rouleau* of satin; small sprigs of roses and jessamine are placed between each space. The body is made low, and is composed of white satin, trimmed with a simple border of Urling's lace; the sleeves are short and full, and composed of three frillings of *tulle*.—Head-dress.—The hair is thrown considerably back in full bows, confined by broad plaits, and finished by large and regular curls in front, surmounted by a superb plume of white ostrich feathers. Ornaments of pearl and gold.—White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

WALKING DRESS.

A LEAD-COLOURED sarsnet pelisse, ornamented with narrow *rouleaux* of satin, downwards, meeting in the centre of the waist: the border is finished by a similar *rouleau* placed a little above the hem of the dress. The sleeves are narrow, and confined at the wrist by a leaf-trimming; the shoulders are formed of full puffings, separated by narrow pipings to correspond with the *corsage*; round the throat is a broad muslin collar, with a full double frilling of Urling's lace.—Leghorn bonnet, with a simple bow of white sarsnet, headed by a plume of white ostrich feathers.—Limerick gloves and boots to correspond with the colour of the pelisse.

These elegant dresses were invented by Miss PIERPOINT, No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

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THE various watering places are now full of distinguished visitors from the metropolis: and yet London still exhibits a splendid scene, and is, as usual, honoured by the presence of the great and gay. Among the various novelties which the last month has produced, one of the most elegant, in our opinion, is a pelisse of grass-green levantine: the back is full, but the fullness is confined from the top to the bottom by satin bands, to correspond in colour, forming demi-lozenges, each ornamented, in the centre of the back, with a wrought silk button. The waist is long; the collar rather low, standing out a good deal from the neck, and turning a little over. Long sleeves of an easy width, with a very full epaulette; the fulness arranged with bands, in the demi-lozenge style, to correspond with the back; the sleeves are finished in the French style, by a band and button. The trimming consists of a wreath of palm-leaves, which issue from a *rouleau* of twisted satin. The leaves are formed of satin folds of different shades of green. This is a chaste and beautiful style of trimming, and has a charming effect.

Cambric muslin dresses, with the addition of a light shawl, and muslin pelisses, are much in favour for the morning walk. Pelisses of *gros de Naples*, of rose colour, and ethereal blue, are also greatly in favour. A new spencer, composed of pale amber *gros d'été*, the bust of which is ornamented with satin *rouleaux*, in the stomacher style, but disposed in a novel manner, is much admired. In the centre of the bust is a row of wrought silk buttons, from which the *rouleau*, arranged in the form of a tulip-leaf, issue on each side; these leaves are very large on the upper part of the bust, but decrease in size as they approach the bottom: the buttons are in the form of a star. This elegant spencer fastens behind.

The bonnets for this month are peculiarly tasteful and elegant. One is of a beautiful corn-flower blue of figured *gros de Naples*, a shade lighter than that made use of for gowns or pelisses; it is lined with white, and ornamented with a plume of blue



Marabout feathers: the bonnet is lightly trimmed with white satin, and its lappets are formed of blue satin riband and *tulle*; the *tulle* is cut in bias folds. A very elegant carriage bonnet is transparent, and is made of white stiffened *tulle*.—It is ornamented on one side, with small white fancy flowers, laid on in stripes; the crown is trimmed with white *tulle*, edged with pink silk trimming, and put round it *en dents de loups*, that is, in the form of wolves' teeth; the interstices are filled in with half-blown roses, and crowned with a superb cluster of pink Marabouts. A pink carriage hat is also a charming head-dress for a young and handsome female; it is of *gros de Naples*, with a full *cornette* ornament of broad blond, placed underneath, from whence a rose-bud is seen lying on the hair. The hat is ornamented with pink gauze, roses, and lilies of the valley. The ribands generally used in the trimming of bonnets are very broad, and are richly striped or figured. The cottage hat, of white chip, is very simple, chaste, and truly elegant; it ties under the chin, with gauze lappets on one side, and is trimmed with white satin, and ornamented with full-blown roses. Large Leghorn bonnets are also in favour, crowned with a very full plume of white feathers.

The newest dress hats are of stiffened net, crape, or *gros de Naples*; they are ornamented with a great variety of flowers, in small sprigs, or with full plumes of Marabout feathers. Morning *cornettes* are of lace, with several small bows of coloured striped gauze riband; they are of a very becoming size and shape. Young ladies seldom wear any ornament on their hair, except a simple diamond comb, enriched with pearls, and placed rather on one side; or a wreath of flowers, richly clustered together, and bound across the top of the forehead. For evening parties, small dress hats, with feathers, or flowers, are most in favour with married ladies. Turbans of stamped gauze, of a French white, are much worn in half-dress; they are tastefully pinned up, and without ornament.

Pearls, Turquoise stones, and gold, finely and delicately wrought, are the favourite ornaments now worn, as bracelets, necklaces, &c.—The most fashionable colours are, ethereal blue, pink, lilac, pistachio, and various shades of green.

## THE PARISIAN TOILET.

MUSLIN gowns are most generally adopted for the promenade; the *blouse* supersedes every other form for the *corsage* of dresses. The robe *blouse* is trimmed with flounces disposed in large plaits; they are three in number; and a little above each, is a slight embroidery in coloured worsted. Muslins shaded in stripes, and *barèges* of a diamond pattern, are also fashionable. The newest material for walking dress is jaconot-muslin of a single colour; these gowns are always made *en blouse*, and are trimmed with five or six rows, or tucks, of the same material, cut in bias, and disposed in pointed waves.

A favourite dress for the *spectacle* is composed of the palest lavender *gros d'été*. The body is made to the throat, but without a collar; the bust is ornamented on each side of the front by five folds of satin, which, extending from the shoulder to the waist, in a bias direction, forms a stomacher; the upper part of the bust is composed of a plain piece cut in a scollop in the middle, and edged with satin. The sleeves are very full, and confined under the arm by a band, fastened in front by a button, which gives the appearance of an epaulette to the upper part of the sleeve; the remaining part is left loose to a little below the elbow, but is confined down the lower part of the arm by three bands, and terminated by a band and button. The trimming of the skirt consists of three full *ruches* of the same material, placed at some distance from each other.

Leghorn hats are chiefly in favour; they are of three different shapes; the first, *en pelerine*; that is, with a brim immensely large all round. The second, *à la Française*; the brim is very large in front, but not more than an inch broad behind. The third, *à l'Anglaise*, has a brim of an equal size all round. The strings of the second are placed inside the brim; those of the last are attached on the outside, and confine the bonnet to the face.

The materials for full dress are white satin, white *gros de Naples*, *crêpe lisse*, and Urling's lace. Clear muslin is also very much in favour *bals Champêtres*.—The hair is now worn lighter on the forehead in full dress, and not high on the crown of the head. Flowers are very much in favour.

The fashionable colours are, rose, violet, lilac, green, blue, and very pale lavender.

THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

JEALOUSY;  
OR, ALBERT AND EVA.

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(Continued from page 116.)

SHE had oft been distrest to see o'er his breast  
The passion of jealousy reign;  
And fondly she strove all his doubts to remove,  
And erase from his bosom the stain.

So, oft had he said, that to battle he fled,  
His power o'er her bosom to try;  
But though for awhile, she reproved with a smile,  
She thought of his doubts with a sigh.

"Oh, dearest, believe, I no longer deceive,"  
He exclaim'd, "on thy truth I rely;  
But when far removed, should I cease to be loved,  
Then in some distant land may I die."

How soon did that smile, which play'd for awhile  
O'er her features so sportively gay,  
Disappear when she knew all he told her was true,  
By her fast flowing tears washed away.

Gloomy sorrow's dark shade, o'er the face of the maid,  
Soon of happiness blighted the flower;  
And the smile chased away, which love taught to stray,  
Like a sunbeam dispers'd by a shower.

"Oh! Albert," she cried, "when far o'er the tide,  
Away from thy Eva, thou'rt borne,  
Her earliest prayer, at sunrise thou'lt share,  
And by moonlight thy absence she'll mourn.

"The hopes I have cherish'd are blighted and perish'd,  
And the dream of my happiness o'er;  
For what can this drear lonely solitude cheer,  
When thy presence shall bless it no more?"



“ Each beautiful flower, that I’ve rear’d in my bower,  
Is become of no value to me;  
Ah! why with such care, did I form it so fair?  
That you, love, its beauties might see.

“ Farewell then, my love; and, wherever you rove,  
Will my prayers and my blessings attend you;  
And while far away from your Eva you stray,  
May heaven in mercy defend you.”

Then close was she prest to the wild throbbing breast  
Of the youth who so fondly adored her;  
And while her pang’d heart from life seem’d to part,  
T’was thus his last accents implored her:—

“ Oh! let this dear hand, when next I shall land  
On this shore, of my bosom the pride,  
Be free, as ’tis now: oh! remember thy vow,  
And ne’er to another be bride.”

The vessel that bore her lov’d Albert from shore,  
Was speedily lost to her view;  
And now every place that her footsteps could trace,  
Would her griefs and her sorrows renew.

And often alone, would the wind’s hollow moan,  
Entice her to roam by the wave;  
Where prostrate she’d fall, and beseechingly call  
On heaven her lover to save.

But in one happy hour, affection had power  
To lull her young bosom to rest;  
For in Eva’s pure mind was her temple enshrin’d,  
And sweetly she reign’d o’er her breast.

A brother she lov’d, who far distant had rov’d,  
And liv’d on the treacherous main;  
Now return’d to his home, no longer to roam,  
Or leave her lov’d presence again.

Of her Albert she’d talk as delighted she’d walk,  
By his side, o’er this spacious domain;  
And his virtues unfold, yet blush while she told,  
How she long’d to behold him again.

Thus calmly each day softly glided away,  
While from hope ev'ry comfort she'd borrow;  
Each evening the same, she with joy would exclaim,  
"I *may* see my lov'd Albert to-morrow."

Many years roll'd away, and yet not a day  
Brought news of her lover on shore;  
And oft would she sigh, and in agony cry,  
"Alas! my belov'd is no more!"

But soon o'er her head, did soft piety shed  
Its balm to alleviate her woes;  
And though sometimes a tear in her eye would appear,  
Yet it gave to her bosom repose.

But alas! the vile tongue of the slanderer rung  
In her Albert's too credulous ear;  
Like a mildew it blighted each charm that delighted,  
And made her perfidious appear.

It told how, each day, the fair Eva would stray  
To her bower through the thick wooded grove;  
And there, with delight, her new lover invite,  
While wreaths for his temples she wove.

"Oh, madness!" he cried, "can my long-promis'd bride,  
My lov'd Eva, forget me? ah! no:  
I will not believe she'd her Albert deceive,  
Or plant in his bosom such woe.

"I'll this instant repair to the castle, and there  
The extent of my misery see;  
Unknown will I rove through her favorite grove,  
And unseen in her bower will be.

"And there, should I prove that thou'art innocent, love,  
Then curs'd be the tongue that defames thee;  
For till I discover thy much hated lover,  
Thy Albert refuses to blame thee."

The moon's placid light shone delusively bright  
O'er the path that poor Eva was treading;  
And oft did she sigh, while her soft melting eye,  
The tear of remembrance was shedding.

(*To be continued.*)

## STANZAS.

BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDÉ.

THERE'S a spirit round me hovering,  
That haunts me day and night;  
O'er-spreading earth, and covering  
All Nature with his blight.  
It is not a dream, for I sleep not;  
It is not my woe, for I weep not;  
'Tis a spirit that haunts me for aye;  
It preys on my heart, and it tears up  
The thought of my grief, and my cares up,  
As it haunts me by night and by day.

'Tis a spell that I cannot vanquish,  
A power I cannot fly;  
Words cannot paint my anguish,  
And for ever the spirit is nigh.  
All day does it seem to deride me,  
At night as it lies beside me,  
It mocks my words as I pray;  
'Tis a vision impalpable to me,  
Though its voice is, *e'en now*, thrilling through me,  
And it haunts me by night and by day.

Mine eyes are sunk with weeping,  
My brow is blanch'd with care;  
Night flies, without my sleeping,  
For the fiend breathes in the air.  
Of my malady haply I wist not,  
They say it is madness—it is not,  
Though soon; alas! it may;  
'Tis a power that still subdues me,  
A fiend that ever pursues me,  
And haunts me by night and by day.

When all I lov'd had perish'd,  
As I mourn'd alone that night,  
O'er her my bosom cherish'd,  
I first beheld the sprite.



And the face of the fiend was lighten'd  
With pleasure, and as his eye brighten'd,  
It glanc'd on me its ray:  
In my ear rings his laugh of derision,  
To my eye is still painted the vision  
That haunts me by night and by day.

Welcome is sleep to the weary,  
Hope to the sailor at sea;  
More welcome than bliss to the dreary,  
Is the prospect of death to me.  
My Fanny lies low, and the willow,  
Waves over her moss-cover'd pillow,  
Oh! when will it wave over me?  
Come, death, lay thy cold hand upon me,  
That the spirit that's now glaring on me,  
No more may my torturer be.

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SONNET TO PITY.

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By J. M. LACEY.

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COME, gentlest feeling of the human mind,  
Instil thy softest balm within my breast;  
Prompt me to breathe for woe a sigh refin'd,  
To soothe the grief-worn suff'rer into rest.  
For, when misfortune gives to sorrow birth,  
When deep despondence bids the soul despair,  
'Tis thine to raise the drooping head of worth,  
'Tis thine to cheer the mind, a prey to care.  
And sure when anguish bursts the beating heart,  
Callous the breast where pity is not near;  
When nature yields to sad affliction's smart,  
Unblest the eye that sheds no tender tear.  
Meek, Pity! pour on me thy pleasing ray;  
And may I ever own thy pleasing sway.

**Marriages.**

The Rev. Richard Baker, English Chaplain at Hamburg, eldest son of Sir Robert Baker, to Frances, daughter of the late John Prescott, esq. of St. Petersburg

At Gainsborough, the Rev. J. Cox, M. A. Fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford, to Mary, daughter of the late John Nettleship, esq.

At St. Mary-le-bone, Captain Rowley, R. N. second son of Sir William Rowley, Bart. M. P. to Charlotte, daughter of John Mozely, esq.

At Chester, Alderman Sir John Cotgreave, knt. to Miss Spence.

At Redale, the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Monson, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the late Rev. C. Wyvill.

At Cranford, the Hon. G. C. G. F. Berkeley, son of the late Earl of Berkeley, to Caroline Martha, daughter of the late P. Binfield, esq.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Earl of Kinnowl, to Miss Rowley, daughter of Sir Charles Rowley.

At Edinburgh, Sir Alexander Don, bart. M. P. for the County of Roxburgh, to Grace Jane, daughter of John Stein, esq.

At Northampton, the Rev. J. Hind, M. A. F. A. S. Fellow and Tutor of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. Stodhart.

**Deaths.**

Suddenly, in his carriage, Thomas Macnamara Russel, Rear Admiral of the White.

On the 27th of July, Her Grace the Duchess of Gordon.

At Bechly, in Sussex, Anne, relict of the Hon. Lieut. Gen. Murrey.

In Upper Gower street, Lady Elizabeth, wife of Lord Maurice Drummond.

At Iscaen, Carmarthen, aged 28, Robert O'Neill, esq. brother to the celebrated Miss O'Neill, now Mrs. Beccher.

At Plymouth, aged 83, the Rev. J. Gandy, M. A. the venerable vicar of St. Andrew's.

Hugh Bishop, esq. brother to Lord De-la-zouch.

Aged 17, Jane Anne, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, vicar of Harrow.

In Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Lord Viscount Hampden, aged 94.

At Bath, Major Gen. W. A. Prevost, C. B.

Aged 88, the Rev. W. Caile, vicar of Hemingborough.

**NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

We have to acknowledge the usual variety of communications, both in prose and verse, from our correspondents; but a press of business prevents us from a particular notice of their contents and merits till our next number.

**ERRATA.**

Owing to an error, partly attributable to the compositor, "The Improvisatrice, and other Poems," reviewed last month, were stated to be written by a Miss *Sondan*. The name of the ingenious poetess is Letitia Elizabeth *Landon*; corresponding with the initials which she has adopted as a signature.

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*Painted by E. Hastings Esq.*

*Engraved by J. Welch.*

*John Galt, Esq.*

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